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NEW FEATURES

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Poetry.

THE TROUBADOUR.

WITH a jaunty cloak and swagger,
And a jewel-hilted dagger,
A guitar swung from his shoulder by a ribbon
—blue at that;
And his breeches never bigger
Than would show his shapely figure
And a fascinating feather in his funny-tilted hat.

So he wandered forth, a-warring,
And a-rhyming and a-guitaring.
And in at itudes artistic tinkled many a tricksy air;
And the ladies all adored him,
And the balconies encored him,
And his tunes were legal tender for his welcome everywhere.

Thus a-humming and a-strumming,
And a-wooing and a-cooing,
Droning ditties by the dozen,
Lisping sonnets by the score,
Went the hero of our story
Through its glamour and its glory.
Ah! so mellow and so merry was the gallant Troubadour!

—*Kate Brownlee-Sherwood in May Beford's.*

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

M. L. D.

A year in heaven for her. What is she learning
Of holy things, of things divine and true?
What glorious visions there are still unfolding
Which here she never knew?

Did angel friends await her at her coming?
Did angel faces greet her with a smile?
Were all the dear ones eager to receive her
Whom she had lost a while?

A year on earth for us without her presence—
A year of lonliness and grief and pain;
But still we smile and wipe our tears in thinking
Our loss is but her gain.

We miss her in our joys and in our sorrows;
She was our life, our center and our sun;
And yet we would not call her back, but whisper,
"O God, thy will be done!"

For heaven and earth are very close together,
Though she is there, she is not far away;
She could not leave the dear ones, loved so fondly,
Even in heaven to stay!

But still her spirit, like a guardian angel,
Is bending o'er us with her own fond care;
And sometimes she brings heaven so very near us
We almost think we're there.

A year in heaven for her, of rest and blessing;
For us a year on earth, with her above;
But heaven and earth are both together blending
And over all is Love!

WHEN WE WENT A-MAYING.

The hills were wet with melting snow,
The river, in the vale below,
Rolled on a turbid flood between
High banks that showed rich spots of green,
Spring's life-touch obeying.
The sky was touched with brighter blue,
The earth's heart beat with life anew,
When we went a-Maying.

We climbed a rough and wooded way,
As blithe as children when they play;
How sweet her rippling laugh and free,
At rugged rock or fallen tree.
Progress much delaying.
I took her hand, to help, you know,
And wondered why it trembled so,
When we went a-Maying.

Beneath the pine leaves at our feet,
We plucked arbutus, rare and sweet,
Whose fragrance seemed to whisper me,
"A sweeter blossom waits for thee."
Love's life-touch obeying.
I kissed her lips; in sweet surprise
Two sudden tears shone in her eyes,
When we went a-Maying.

There is a love to man unknown,
Which woman's heart can feel alone;
It questions not, nor asks, but gives;
In holy faithfulness it lives.
Heaven's own light displaying.
Its depth I have not touched, but yet
I know now why her eyes were wet
When we went a-Maying.

—*C. S. Hill in Boston Journal.*

Our Story Teller.

THE FIRST EDITION.

DEAR SIR: We take great pleasure in announcing to you that the first edition of your work, "The Swallows," being sold, a second edition should be printed.

Have the kindness to call at our office, so that we may make the necessary arrangements.

Yours truly,
MASSOL BROTHERS,
Publishers.

When I received this letter, said the celebrated dramatic author, Henry Didier, I was overcome with joy and astonishment but I was even more astonished than delighted.

The first edition of "The Swallows," my first work, a volume of poetry, exhausted! And I was barely 22 years old, I knew no one in Paris, nothing else of mine had ever been printed except some advertisements! And in what space of time had this unexpected and astounding result been achieved? In a single month! Then it was a success, a real success? So I had talent? I began to be appreciated by my contemporaries whom I had hitherto slandered, accusing them of being insensible to poetry, and regarding them as stupid countrymen.

What a future was before me! After this volume I would write a second one, at which I had already worked—in fancy! Then I would produce something for the theater, the spring-board which launches you, all at once, into renown, glory and prosperity. And why not a novel also? I began to dream of psychological essays, with descriptive scenes which should be both exact and interesting. My brain was on fire. All the wild ambitions of youth whispered in my ear. I read the welcome letter again and again. I walked around and around my room, gesticulating violently.

"Well, what does this mean, my dear boy?"

My grandfather's face appeared at the door. A kindly face, closely shaven, with a large nose, bright eyes shining behind the spectacles, a well-combed wig encircling a smiling countenance.

"Why, grandfather, just read this letter?"

When he had perused it, he said:

"Well, what of that? It seems to me that your poems are charming."

"But just think, grandfather, it is an unexpected success. Nobody reads poetry nowadays."

"People read yours, it seems. You ought to be satisfied."

"Of course I am."

"Then you are happy?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"No more could be desired."

He opened his snuff-box and took a pinch, looking at me with smiling eyes.

A quarter of an hour later I was at Massol's store. I sprang up the stairs to the office of the elder brother, who was accustomed to treat with authors.

The door of the office was closed, and a sound of voices escaped. The publisher was engaged. I sat down upon a bench and waited my turn. And as I waited, I recalled my emotion on my first visit to this publishing house; how my heart beat as I mounted the stairs with the manuscript under my arm, and how I trembled when I entered Massol's office!

The office door opened, and X., a member of the academy came out, accompanied by the smiling and obsequious publisher. He was a successful author, and they made much of him. Would I ever climb so high?

Massol beckoned to me in a kindly and paternal manner. He begged me to be seated, and installing himself in his arm-chair, he said:

"You received our letter?

"Yes, Mr. Massol."

"A book of poetry sold in a month! Between ourselves. I don't understand it at all."

This was not very flattering, but I myself had been so much astonished that I really excused his astonishment.

"Very curious, about your book," he continued; "people buy it, but no one talks about it. I never before saw anything like that in the publishing business. Very curious, very curious!"

And he laughed heartily.

It was then and there agreed that they would at once print 500 copies of "The Swallows," as more orders might reasonably be expected. And a few days later I saw my dear volume majestically displayed in the windows of the book-stores, adorned with the flattering inscription: Second Edition.

Decidedly I amounted to something. Nevertheless Massol's remarks did trouble me a little. No one talked about my book, no one seemed to have read it, except the persons to whom I had presented it, and they had not said very much.

Encouraged by this first success, I went engerly to work. I wrote my first play, "The Grandmother," which, as you recollect, was successful at the Odeon; then I wrote "The Victims of Marriage," for the Gymnase; "The Two Brothers," for the Comedie-Francaise, and many other pieces. I became a "well-known author," as we say: years passed, and I scarcely recollected "The Swallows," a youthful work, a timid attempt, now forgotten by the world.

At this period of life I experienced one of the greatest griefs of my life; I lost my dear grandfather. He died peacefully, tended and beloved by all of us to the last. He possessed one of those rare natures in which egotism never found a place; and whose active good will never spared any pains to give pleasure to those whom he loved. He was one of those tender and delicate souls which neglect themselves so that they may think the more of others, and consider themselves fully recompensed by a smile, finding their happiness in the happiness which they create for others.

I shall always remember the painful impressions which we experienced when, a month after the death of this dear relative, we went into his apartments, where we found the old furniture and the familiar objects which reminded us of him. A strange servant opened the blinds abruptly, being indifferent to an emotion he could not understand. The light from without suddenly filled the rooms, and with it entered a breath of fresh air, bringing in the noise of the street. Death gave way to life. And with life, its stern duties. The apartments of our dear grandfather were to be rented, and we must remove the furniture, empty the closets and clear away for the new-comer who was to occupy the rooms. The moving was begun, and I was painfully affected. It seemed to me that all that yet remained to recall my grandfather was about to be scattered and broken up.

The regular mode of life which had existed for more than thirty years seemed to have left its mark in every part of this little abode. Each piece of furniture removed, and each drawer emptied, was a memory stirred and uprooted. Yes, I am sure that these hundreds of trifles, collected so long ago, suffered greatly in being torn pitilessly from their customary places and from the peaceful obscurity in which they reposed. One of the company uttered an astonished "Oh!" and showing me the lower portion of a closet which he had just opened, cried:

"Henry, see here!"

I looked, and I saw—Oh! dear grandfather, dear and excellent man!—I saw the lower view of the closet filled with books all alike, leaves uncut, and blue covers, which I recognized at once: The Swallows, the Swallows!

There it was complete, the first edition of my poems, this edition, which was exhausted so rapidly, "which people bought, and of which no one spoke," as Massol had said. I should think they didn't speak of it! Grandfather had bought the whole edition; he was the unknown public!

I kneeled and touched with trembling hands those volumes which were unread and old at the same time. Some of them had the stamps of the most remote bookstores; one came from Temple Boulevard, another from the Odeon booths. As I handled them, I seemed to see my dear grandfather going out with his light step, as he used to say, and running all over Paris to buy his grandson's book. I saw him enter a store, ask proudly for "The Swallows," by Henry Didier, buy two or three copies (as many as he could without exciting the suspicions of the bookseller), and take them away under his arm, laughing to himself over his touching ruse. Returning home, I saw him running quickly to this closet and concealing his booty, delighted that the pile continually increased in size. He had kept the secret for more than fifteen years. His delicacy wanted none of the thanks which it so richly deserved.

Then I recollected what he said to me, smiling, the day that I received Massol's letter:

"Are you happy youngster? Well, no more could be desired."

Yes, I was happy, dear grandfather. No success which I have since achieved has equalled this happiness on learning that the first edition of my first book was exhausted. I know now in what manner it was exhausted, I have discovered your innocent ruse, and to the passed joy is added my deep gratitude to him who gave me this joy. I could not have loved you more; but your delicate action has shown me that the most attractive thing in this world, the most radiant and sublime, is a kind heart.

Henry Didier ceased speaking. A tear glistened on his cheek. And we, his hearers, sweetly affected by his story, remained silent.—*Translated for The Epoch from the French of Jacques Normand, by Richard H. Buel.*

WITTY MR. REID.

How Whitelaw Extricated Himself From an Embarassing Situation.

Here is a little story abont Whitelaw Reid that is going the rounds of the clubs. There is a saying in Paris that it is not necessary for a great man to make bon mots since the wits are sure to make and attribute them to him. Whether this is the case or not, it is certain that though heretofore the editor of the *Tribune* has not had the reputation of a wit, since his appointment as Minister to France, he has been quoted as the author of some of the most delightfully clever of speeches, as this for example. He was introduced the other day to a very beautiful woman, whose name he did not catch, but who filled him with admiration by her ripe and rosy loveliness. While they were conversing a lowering faced man passed by whom Reid knew quite well, but knew nothing to his credit; who, in fact, he heartily disliked, and feeling his presence jar upon the amiability of his mood, he exclaimed in an undiplomatic impulse: "Now there is a man I loathe." His handsome companion flashed her eyes upon him and cried sharply, "But that is my husband!" and Reid answered calmly without an instant's pause or the turning of a hair, "And that is exactly why I loathe him." Which goes to show that though President Harrison's appointees may sometimes make blunders he knows perfectly how to repair them and the Frenchmen will not catch him napping.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Unrepentant Sinner.

Instead of helping his clever young men describe the centennial in his newspaper, Uncle Dana forsook New York, parades and all, and went off to Boston to a Ben Butler meeting. The telegraph reports that he said among other things.

"I wish to say with all possible emphasis, that, while five years ago it was my fortune to stand by Gen. Butler in a memorable political contest where all our purposes and expectations were not realized, there has never been a moment when I have been sorry for it."

Uncle Dana recalls to mind the outspoken lad who declared that if ever he had done anything he was sorry for he was glad of it.—*Rochester Union.*

A Vile Slander.

Wigg—I've got an invention now that I think will make my fortune.

Figg—What is it?

Wigg—An electric typewriter.

Figg—Don't you think the present kind shock the community often enough?—*Terra Haute Express.*

Thwarted at Last.

Daniel Davis, an old man living at Weldsport, N. Y., wanted to be buried in a barrel when he died, and although he had the barrel in his house for nineteen long years, his wife managed the funeral to suit herself, and he went into a $15 coffin instead of the barrel.

THE SETTLING UP IS CERTAIN.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the accounts she owes.
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whatsoever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will find your balances struck some night,
And you'll find your hoard reduced,
You'll view your life in another light,
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But Christ will know if you play a part,
Will know in your hour of need;
And then as you wait for death to come
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed alone? You will lie there dumb
While your chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face,
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hand of God;
You must bear your sin or shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced,
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping tab,
And that chickens come home to roost.

—*Ernst McGaffey, in Inter-Ocean.*

THE RISING GENERATION.

Of Tender Years, but as "Tough as You Make 'Em."

Belle Davis, a tiny little kindergarten tot, who, in her close-fitting blue hood and her flaxen locks, looked not unlike the well-known picture of a Breton baby, was eating the two halves of an orange, with strict impartiality and a disregard as to where the juice might fall, with an abandon perfectly fascinating to those who were without the radius of the consequences. "I like to be silly," said she, "because I think it's more funny, and because I'm so bad. To-day I was good. When I'm bad I talk in school and get put in a corner, and I make faces like this;" and Belle illustrated her remarks with a contortion of her tiny cherubic features which was something startling to behold.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

SHE MADE A BREAK.

She was the only, and she had three brothers. One day she was seen to take all her dolls and throw them into the back yard. Then she marched in to her mother and said:

"Mamma, I want to get some of Frank's clothes." Frank was her smallest brother.

"What do you want with them?"

"I want to put them on."

"What for?"

"Well, don't you think I'm about old enough now to be a boy?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

TO KEEP THE BALL ROLLING.

Some time ago, when a gentleman of Bucksport was married, he took his bride on a visit to her people at Ellsworth. In the afternoon he had petted a little nephew and showed him his false teeth, with which the little fellow was much amused. In the evening when the company was assembled the conversation lagged, and some one said: "What shall we do next?" The little boy spoke up and said: "Show 'em your false teeth, Uncle Al!"—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

AN IMAGINATIVE LITTLE NUTMEG.

A Norwich tot which had been drilled in the first principles of physiology, being especially instructed by her teacher t ha "every time she breathed she made an effort," was overheard afterward teaching one of her dolls the science: "Breave slow and hard, dolly," said the little thing, "for every time you breave you make an elephant."—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

A Bad Give-Away.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had bad news from your husband?"

"Oh! worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Carlsbad that 'he would die with ardent longing for me were it not that he could gaze affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day.'"

"That is really very nice of him; and pray is it that you are crying for? I would give anything to have such a poetic and tenderly loving husband as you have!"

"Ah! yes, my Arthur is very poetical, but let me tell you that, just to try him, I slipped my mother's photo into his traveling-bag instead of my own before he started."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"Where is My Boy To-night?"

You are his father, or his mother, and if you desired to lay your hands on your boy within five minutes any night you wouldn't know which way to turn. He is on the streets—somewhere, but just where, with whom, in what engaged, what plotting or executing for the shrewder ones who plot for him, you couldn't tell for the life of you.

He has a good home and ought to be there at night. He desires to be somewhere else with other boys, and you kick the moral courage to insist that he shall be where he should be. You hope he will escape the pitfalls, but you know the chances are against him.

Why don't you do the boy the kindness to keep him at home of nights? The time will come when he will thank you for doing it, or reproach you for not doing it.

Apologetic.

"Miss Smithers," said Billy Bliven, "I trust you won't pay any attention to what I said yesterday evening?"

"I don't quite comprehend you," the lady said blankly.

"I know that. It was supremely silly, but you musn't mind it; every once in a while I do something silly, but I am always sorry for it the next minute."

"To what do you refer, Mr. Bliven?"

"To my asking you to be my wife."—*Merchant Traveler.*

She Saw Through It.

Miss De Pink—"Oh, mother, that reminds me. The other day I was riding in the cars when that wrinkled old lady came in, and it's a fact that Mr. Desmart, who didn't know me at that time and didn't even see me, jumped right up and offered the old lady a seat. Wasn't that noble?"

Mrs. De Pink (serenely)—"He did not know you at that time, but I happen to be aware that he has long known the old lady. She is the grandmother of one of the prettiest and richest girls in the city."—*New York Weekly.*

Unprofessional Conduct.

A.—How's the young doctor doing?

Dr. Pillbury—Doing? The measely upstart! He's stealing my patients, that's what he's doing. Why, last week old Hunks was sick. I told him he couldn't get well. I gave him up. And what does this young puppy do but step in and cure him, and that, mind you, after I'd given him up. Such conduct is a disgrace to any school of medicine—the scoundrel.—*The Epoch.*

Embarrassing for Papa.

On Sunday morning.

Miss Travis—Ah! Johnny, I have caught you with a fish pole over your shoulder! I shall go right and tell your father. Where is he?

Johnny Dumpsey—Down at the foot of the garden diggin' the bait—*Burlington Free Press.*

Rain Measurement.

"What is the average rainfall per month in this Oklahoma country?" inquired the boomer from Illinois.

"As near as I can guess," said the boomer from Missouri, with a severe mental effort, "it's about five fingers."—*Chicago Tribune.*

How They Love One Another.

Mr. Lytewaite—Miss Crimple is quite skillful with her spoon.

Miss Hightone (sweetly)—Oh, yes; inherited, you know. Her gradfather was very skillful with his shovel.—*Time.*

A BIT OF BURDETTE.

THE GENIAL PHILOSOPHER TALKS

On Postoffice Crimes—The Lack of Old Homes—Everything in Its Place—Advice to Young Men—And Other Matters.

One of President Harrison's new postmasters killed a burglar the other night, who was trying to adopt cheaper postage before the law was passed. This was well done of the new P. M., but we can't help thinking that he killed the wrong man. He should have saved the cartridge for the man who buys one stamp in the busy hour, stands at the stamp window and occupies six or seven minutes of other men's time licking all the mucilage off, and then puts in the rest of the morning trying to pound the stamp on the envelope with his fist.

NOTHING IS OLD SINCE THE FLOOD.

A magazine article talks of "The Lack of Old Homes in America." It is a great pity. Things of this sort always impress us very deeply. A few weeks ago we visited a Sunday school, and the tears filled our eyes as we noticed the great scarcity of old men in the infant class. We looked over the rows of little children, all of them under 6 years of age, and not one white-haired old man in all the class could we see. There was one bald-headed, toothless fellow there, but he was sitting in his sister's lap, chewing a rubber ring and singing a song all by himself, the refrain of which was "ah goo, ah goo." Yes indeed, there are few old men in the infant class. Same way with the Kindergarten. It's a wonder some wise magazine writer hasn't noticed this singular fact, and made an article about it.

NOT WORTH RUNNING AFTER.

How times do change, to be sure. A dispatch from Elmira announces that "A Pretty Girl Runs Away with a Negro." Now, less than thirty years ago, if she had done such a thing she would have been tarred and feathered at the very least, and would have been lucky if she escaped hanging, or some harsh treatment, even though the treatment had not been worth $40. Now, so far as we can learn, no effort has been made either to punish the girl or recover the negro. We will get so careless of property in this country by and by that the homeliest girl in the back row can run away with a horse and no questions asked

EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE.

Architectural Upholsterer—"And how do you think of having the library furnished, Mr. Gasbuhm?" Mr. Gasbuhm—"Why, I want a pool table in it, and a sideboard, of course; a couple of card tables and a lay out for the chess club, and what little whim whams and frenzies you want to make it look well." A. H.—"And about the book shelves; will you——" Mr. G.—"Oh, shoot the book shelves; put the books in the boys' rooms; they're going to school; I don't want books stuck under my nose when I'm busy enjoying myself.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

So you were a little too pert, and spoke without thinking, did you, my son? And got picked up right suddenly on your statement, eh? Oh, well, that's all right; that happens to older men than you every day. I have noticed that you have a very positive way of filing a decision where other men state an opinion, and you frequently make a positive assertion where older men merely express a belief. But never mind; you are young. You will know less as you grow older. "Don't I mean you will know more?" Heaven forbid, my boy. No indeed, I mean that you will know less. You will never know more than you do now; never. If you live to be ten thousand years old, you will never again know so much as you do now. The hoary-headed sage whose long and studious years were spent in reading men and books, ever knew so much as a boy of your age. A girl of 15 knows about as much, but then she gets over it sooner and more easily. "Does it cause a pang then, to get rid of early knowledge?" Ah, my boy, it does. Pulling eye teeth and molars will seem like pleasant recreation alongside of shedding off great solid slabs and layers of wisdom and knowledge that now press upon you like geological strata. "But how are you to get rid of all this superincumbent wisdom?" Oh, easily enough, my boy; just keep on airing it; that's the best way. It won't stand constant use, and it disintegrates rapidly on exposure to air.

SAME THING.

The pastor was a little abstracted while giving out the notices from the pulpit, and did not observe the smile that passed around the congregation like a magic wave, as it were, and, in speaking of the concert for the benefit of the poor fund, he called it "A Charity Bawl." Everybody smiled except the quartet.

A NERVOUS TENSION.

"Why did you shoot the man's dog?" asked the justice. "He says he was perfectly quiet and never disturbed any one." "Well, no," the prisoner admitted, "I never heard him howl in all his life, but he always looked as though he was goin' to. He come out into the front yard a dozen times a night, squat down, look at the moon, if there was one, draw his breath, open his mouth and fix himself for a howl from here to Jericho, and then change his mind and crawl under the porch and go to sleep. I never heard him howl, but the suspense was killin' me."

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

"Time," said Ovid, "is the best doctor." Yes, he gets all his patients there at last.

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY."

There is nothing in all this life so completely and hopelessly lost, my boy, as lost time. It is never regained, not a minute of it. It is never made up. You can't work yesterday into to-day, though to-day were 48 hours long. The train that dashed itself in the yards and so missed its trip yesterday, can never make it up, because it is scheduled for a daily trip and can only make one run a day. If it misses one, it can only make 364 trips that year. There is no way by which we can crowd eight days into a week. And leap year doesn't help you our, because the extra day is scheduled in it. Fly around, and do something."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

HER hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the light vesture, snow on snow;
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

And last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that warms it rise.

It any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask: "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud
That tried to blossom in the snow
Lies withered where the violets blow."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Hadn't Got That Tune.

The organ grinder placed himself in front of the house and played a selection from an opera; then he gently glided into "Marching Through Georgia;" this was succeeded by the perennially popular "Last Rose of Summer." While this was in progress, the exasperated citizen came to the door, and in stern tones cried:

"See here, Italy, you give us a rest."

"Donta know that. Haven't got that tuna, sar. He will give you 'Hush-a-by Baba.'"

Then the exasperated citizen threw him ten cents and shouted "Git!" and he got.

Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

CHAPTER III.—COMPLETE SURRENDER.

REALLY and truly, I object to taking you for a pupil."

"But, I can handle a paint-brush, by Jove! Try me, Miss Blake. See if I don't do you credit now."

I could not help laughing at Mr. Waldy's persistency. He had overtaken me as I was returning from giving a morning lesson, had insisted on carrying my color box, and kept up a running fire of argument until I reached my own door.

"Do invite me to come in and show you how well I can daub," he urged.

"No. I have no time to receive callers. They would interrupt my work."

"You're awfully hard on a fellow, and provokingly devoted to your work."

"And you, I think, are a little unreasonable to expect I would relax my rules to humor what, pardon me, I must call a whim," I answered playfully.

"By Jove! I'd 'go to red hell for you,' Miss Blake. You know I would."

"H'sh!"

"They're Swinburne's words, 'pon my honor."

"I prefer your own."

"Then you shall have them, straight as a die," he exclaimed, with an odd mixture of boyish brusquerie and bashfulness: "You won't allow me to come in, so I must speak them here. You treat me as though I were a boy, Miss Blake, and that's not fair. I'm a man. I've got a man's heart, and I love you. I don't believe I would have dared to tell you this, but for what one colored said, a moment—for your manner, d'ye know, last night. I'm only a poor devil of a sub, but there is a coronet in our family, Miss Blake, though it's—it's—awfully bad form to mention it." He paused, looking very red and shamefaced.

This declaration took me so by surprise that for a moment I was at a loss how to answer it.

"I'M SO SORRY."

"I'm so sorry—" I began.

"Don't say no all at once, Miss Blake. By Jove, I can't stand that. Take a few days to think it over. Take a week—"

"Not an hour, not a minute. You deserve better treatment at my hands. I confess I had thought of you as a boy, and believe me, I am very sorry for what has happened. You will marry some day—a girl who will say, yes, directly you ask her, because she will love you as you deserve to be loved, Mr. Waldy. You and I will always remain friends, I hope, but we can be nothing more."

"You are hard!" he said dejectedly.

"I mean only to be kind," I answered, and held out my hand as a sign that he should go.

"It will be good-bye then, for a few weeks. I'm going on leave to-morrow, and, by Jove, it's the best thing for me, now."

Just then some fisher girls went singing past towards the vicarage, and gave a smiling greeting.

"They all love you!" he cried, impetuously. Then biting his under lip and giving a little nervous laugh, possibly to hide some deeper feeling, he raised his hat, and hastened away in the direction of Lynmouth barracks. And this was another result of my "performance" at the vicarage!

It wanted only a few minutes of the time I expected Philip Loraine. I wished to be calm, very calm and collected for the interview that was to decide my future fate, and his.

All night long I had wrestled with myself in waking dreams. Ah! there was no doubt I loved him—and so dearly, that I feared lest the very selfishness of my love should should induce me to marry him without duly considering his happiness as my own.

I had already told Mrs. Griffith to admit Mr. Lorraine when he called; and at 12 o'clock I was in my little drawing room ready to receive him.

Within a few minutes of the hour he was shown in. Our meeting was to all appearance only that of friends. Philip's manner was constrained. I saw at once that he was exercising great control over himself, and the consciousness of this forced me to do the same.

Sitting down opposite to me, he immediately began speaking of his Indian appointment and of the handsome salary he was to receive, and gave me interesting description of the part of the country that for the next few years would be his home. Then came the—to me—most important part of the communication: he had signed an agreement to leave England at a certain date.

"So soon?" I faltered.

"If I fail to be on board on the 30th, I lose the appointment. Another man who is already out there will get the post."

"Then there is no more to be said, and nothing on earth must prevent you leaving England on the 30th—to-morrow forthnight," I answered. Then came a pause, during which I had time to wonder why he continued silent and so grave, and why he kept his eyes veiled from me by their long dark lashes. He raised them suddenly, however, and looking steadily at me, asked:

"Do you remember saying last night you thought me rather—rather reticent?"

"Perhaps I ought to have said 'reserved'?"

"By nature I suppose I am—reserved. My life—hitherto—has seemed to render a certain amount of reserve necessary. But now, with you, all will be different indeed! Did you ever hear anything of my antecedents? Will you tell me all you may have heard?"

"That 'all' is easily told. I understood your parents died many years ago; that your father was an officer in the Royal Engineers, your mother a descendant of a very old French family."

"That is quite true. You know no more?"

"You came to the North with good introductions. That was sufficient even for Mrs. Scroley."

"I understand," he said, smiling slightly. But you must be told everything before you decide to cast in your lot with mine."

"And pray, what is this dreadful 'everything'?"

"It is of more importance than you appear to think," he answered with increased earnestness, and expression of dreamy sadness settling on his face. "They say 'like attracts like,' but that is not our experience, Nellie. Your earliest years were passed in the sunshine of a happy home; mine, with an austere guardian, who called himself a philosopher, but was in point of fact, a heartless cynic. My tutors held the same pessimist views of life as did my guardian. I was taught to shun society; to form no friendships; to believe in neither God nor man—much less to put faith in women."

"What very uncomfortable doctrines, Philip," I interrupted. "But now that you are your own master, of course you have discovered the fallacy, or, at all events, the inconvenience of holding them?"

"I have; I can only hope that discovery has not come too late. Early impressions, alas, sometimes take deep root, and are hard to eradicate. Mine are the 'dark places' I spoke of on which, two years ago, you first shed a gleam from the sunshine of your life. I fear it may take some time for my mind to attain a perfectly healthy tone. Nellie, after telling you this, does your sunny nature shrink—are you not afraid of wedding it to the gloom mine?"

I rose. In silence I extended my hands to him, and through unshed tears I smiled. He sprang to my side.

"You have no fear?" he cried, a great joy lighting up his face.

What need of words? I closed my eyes as he folded me in his arms. When I looked at him again, his countenance was so transfigured I scarcely knew it.

"Happiness is contagious, Philip; you have taken it now, dear," I said as his lips met mine."

And then I heard his laugh for the first time. It was low and musical, and yet a man's laugh too. It sent all my pulses throbbing with delight.

In the midst of our "low laughter and soft replies," Griffiths came into the room—Griffiths who was not used to knocking discreetly at doors—and, as she stood dumofounded at what she saw, to hide my blushes and Philip's discomfiture, I went towards her, and said: "Congratulate me, Griff. Philip, this is my——" "Nurse," is this gentleman wantin' te marry ye, then, Miss Nellie?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes. And—and—I have said he may, Griff, dear."

"Aa mun knaa a sight mair afore aa wishes ye joy, ma honey," she said, looking searchingly at Philip. "Whe are ye, sor? Whcre d'ye—come frev? Ye mun'er, d'ye know, last night. I'm only a poor devil of a sub, but there is a coronet in our family, Miss Blake, though it's—it's—awfully bad form to mention it." He paused, looking very red and shamefaced.

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Recent Literature.

ON THE BLADE BOOK TABLE.

The Story of Hippinolande—Cuddo or Cupid in the Gas Belt—Tolstoi's "My Religion"—Jerry—Airy Castle—Some French Novels—Magazines—Literary Notes.

"The Story of Happinolande and Other Legends," by Oliver Bell Bunce, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The Happinolande is an island, the inhabitants of which industry has made prosperous and happy. Their government is the same as it has been for centuries, and all was well until a growing spirit of discontent leading to an intense desire for wealth caused unhappiness. At length a terrible tempest rent the mountains asunder disclosing gold everywhere and the people went mad. They deserted their occupations, and the final result was that though gold was plenty, so that all were equal sharers, there was no one to carry on the usual necessary avocations of life. What followed and the final result is graphically described, and conveys a wholesome lesson in these days of scrambling for wealth.

"Cuddo, or Cupid in the Gas Belt," is a story from real life, by Charles J. Wayne. The author states that he has been, for many years, among all classes of people in the Western States, and therefore speaks of what he knows, the scenes and incidents being those which he has witnessed, and now weaves together with merely a change of names. There are many things to interest a reader whether specially sympathizing with the various questions of temperance, etc., treated of or not. The Lyceum meeting, at which Woman Suffrage was discussed is very entertaining and the arguments put into the mouth of its advocates, convincing. The character of Slathers is exceedingly amusing. There are some curiosities in the work, but taken altogether, it is written with spirit and its influence will be good. It is published by James Charles, Richmond, Ind.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publish "My Religion" by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, in pamphlet form. The book has already received an extended notice in these columns, and does not need repetition. It is a presentation of the peculiar beliefs of a man who is at the present time exercising a most powerful influence, not only upon literature, but upon the social life of the times, and the book is therefore well worth a reading.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, issue a pretty pamphlet with the attractive name to lovers of children of "Songs for Our Darlings," edited by Uncle Willis. It is illustrated by over 150 engravings, and this whole makes a very attractive little volume for the little folk.

"Jerry: A Story for Young Folks," by Ellen F. Pratt, is published by John B Alden, of New York. It is bright and spirited, beginning with a record of misery, but changing to scenes of adventure, through which the love-romance runs to the pleasant ending. It is a readable book which will pleasantly while an hour away for not only the young, but their elders also.

From the same publisher comes a little volume entitled "A Cavern for a Hermitage," by Clarence A. Buskirk. The author takes for his text the well-known lines of Cowper:

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," etc.,

and those of Tennyson:

"Ah, what shall I be at fifty,
Should nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter,
When I am but twenty-five?"

The subject is a man who was in danger of becoming misanthropic, and he retires into a wilderness, where he puts his thoughts, day by day, into verse.

One of the maugural souvenirs of 1889 is "Airy Castle," a little pamphlet, in which is described the unique house in the treetops at Mt. Pleasant, near Washington city. It has illustrations of this remarkable structure, and the reader can get an excellent idea of its attractions. Published by John F. Sheiry, Washington, D. C. Price, 50 cents.

Victor Hugo's famous romance of "Notre-Dame de Paris" has just been issued in a superb edition in French by William R. Jenkins, New York. The two volumes contain the fine process illustrations which appeared in the *edition de luxe* issued last year to the number of nearly two hundred, and the printing is done in large type on fine paper making an exceedingly attractive edition, really the best to be obtained for the library. Mr. Jenkins deserves much credit for his boldness in reprinting such an expensive French work as this and it is to be hoped will be satisfactorily rewarded for his enterprise. The volumes are better and cheaper than any of the Paris editions.

"L'Attelage de la Marquise," a most delicious and amusing story by Leon de Tinseau, gives title to the fourteenth number of Contes Choisis, issued by William R. Jenkins, New York. A very clever society sketch by E. Legouis, entitled Une Dot, is also contained in the volume, which is issued at 25 cents in paper and 50 cents in cloth. Prof. Sumichrast, of Harvard college, has added English notes to both stories, so that while they are entertaining to general readers they are well adapted to the use of students.

Literary Notes.

A volume of short stories by Edgar Saltus will soon appear.

A Dutch translation has been made of Edgar Fawcett's "An Ambitious Woman."

Edward W. Box's paper on his autograph collection has created more discussion than anything published in *Lippincott's* for some time.

The copy of the Mazarine Bible, purchased by Mr. Quaritch at the Lord Hopetoun sale recently for £2,000, appears in the new catalogue of the bookseller priced £2,250.

John Delny, of New York, commences the publication of "Grisette," a tale of Paris and New York by Lew Rosen.

A novel by Mr. Louis Pendleton, entitled "In the Wire Grass," is in the press, and will be published shortly in "Appletons' Town and Country Library."

The collection of books given to the Boston Public Library by Thomas P. Barton was made between the years 1834 and 1866, at a cost of $34,000. It numbers over twelve thousand volumes.

Cassell & Co. will publish early in June a volume of verses by Charles M. Dickinson, of Binghamton, a well-known journalist who has already achieved some reputation as the author of a single poem called "The Children."

Mr. A. C. Gunther, the author of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," is at work on a new novel, to be entitled "The Frenchman," which is to portray the Frenchman on both sides of the Atlantic.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish shortly the second volume of Professor Charles W. Shields' "Philosophia Ultima," and "Progress of Religious Freedom as Shown in the History of the Toleration Acts," by the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff.

The *Judge* Publishing company has nearly completed its handsome home at the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street. The first two stories are built of Maine granite and the remaining six of Philadelphia white brick.

In the May number of the *Statesman* there is a new departure of sufficient importance to justify mention: "Elsie" is a Norwegian story, by Alexander L. Kielland, translated for the *Statesman* by Miles M. Dawson, and is worthy the attention of American readers.

It is proposed to erect a monument of the late E. P. Roe by placing a natural bowlder at some suitable spot near his home at Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., and the *Christian Union* invites subscriptions. A few hundred dollars will cover the cost.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard has, it is said, made publishing arrangements for a new story, in which Queen Esther will prominently figure. To study local color for the new volume, Mr. Rider Haggard will shortly start for a tour in Asia Minor and Persia, visiting Persepolis, Shiraz, and probably Baghdad.—*Athenæum.*

A number of authors have consented to give a reading in aid of the project to raise the debt of about $700 on the memorial church erected at Grovetown, Ga., in honor of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Southern poet. The entertainment will take place in Hardman Hall, No. 138 Fifth avenue, N. Y., on Monday, May 31, at 8 p. m. Tickets are for sale at the hall and at Jenkins's bookstore, No. 851 Sixth avenue.

The most remote point reached by Mr. George Kennan in his Siberian trip was the mines of Kara, 5,000 miles from St. Petersburg and about 1,000 miles from the Pacific coast. The narrative of his adventures and discoveries at these mines will begin in the June *Century* and be continued through several numbers. The mines are the private property of the czar, and are worked for his benefit by political prisoners.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

ND whose are you?" a stranger asked,
Of a little girl by the way.
"My pa and ma are dead," she said,
"And have been many day;
But if you'll hear the song I sing,
You'll see that I'm the child of a King!"

"'Tis strange, my little one," he said,
"How can your story be?
But sing your song, and I will hear
Your line of royalty."

And then she sang, with trembling voice,
And accents sweetly mild,
Of him who says to the orphaned one,
"I'll be your father child;
Heaufaith let those who trust in me
The children of the Highest be!"

And in her song were sweetly blent
Bonds confidence and love,
Which made you think less of her garb,
And more of the King above;
And the stranger said: "'Tis as you sing;
You are the daughter of a King."

Then child and stranger went their ways;
The months ran into years;
The lass grew into womanhood
Of common toil and cares.

No lordly mansion called her "queen;"
No knights in homage bowed.
No tongue of fame proclaimed her deeds,
Before the wondering crowd.

But as she went her quiet round
Of duties, one by one,
Each day some weary heart thanked God
For what her hands had done;
She helped the poor, the blind, the lame,
And gave the cup of water "In His name."

The children loved her as a friend,
And sometimes crowned her "queen;"
The sick and poor rejoiced when'er
Her gentle face was seen;
And some spoke out with honest ring,
"She's the daughter of a King."

* * * * * * *

One day 'twas whispered she was dead:
And then, from far and near,
Came tokens from the hearts she'd helped,
To deck her humble bier;
No royal catafalque e'er bore
Real gifts of love—a richer store.

* * * * * * *

The flowers are blooming on her grave,
And have been many a year,
And some of them who planted them
Are with her "over there;"
They see that, as she used to sing,
She is "the daughter of the King."

—*The Rev. C. O. Brown.*

KILLED BY A BURSTING SHELL.

The Devils of War—Graphic Description of the Scream of a Shell That Blotted Men Off the Face of the Earth.

There is something terribly menacing in the ping of a musket ball, as it cuts the air above the heads of men in line—something to try the nerves of the bravest in the rush of a solid shot, but of all the devils in war the scream of a shell is the wickedest. A bombshell flies with a long "w-o-u-s-h!" something like the rush of a big skyrocket, and there are shells used by the light artillery which fly with a sort of long-drawn sigh, not at all terrifying. But the man who hears the scream of a Whitworth shell will never forget the sound to the day of his death. It is a concentration of the war-whoop of an Indian—the snarl of a tiger—the scream of a woman in mortal terror. It begins afar off with a muttered threat of vengeance; it grows upon the ear with a howl as of wolves in pursuit of the lone traveler; it comes nearer, with shrieks of baffled rage; it is at hand with a scream which can be likened to nothing but the cries of a mob mad for death and destruction.

I have seen a dozen men killed by these Whitworth shells, and I verily believe that most of them were so terrified by the sounds that they suffered nothing in the moment of death. One could tell, after a few experiences, whether the shell was in the direct line or to the right or left, but the coming ever brought a feeling of helplessness—a sort of dumb terror which held the limbs captive. One could not have run away had he so desired, but where could one run to? Who could say just where these terrors would fall after their flight—the instant they were to explode and send their fragments hither and thither to search out and claim their victims?

While the blockaders lay off the mouth of the Cape Fear river two or three of the Whitworth guns were in constant use by the Confederates. They had a range of six miles, and were almost as accurate as rifles. Whenever a blockader ventured in within range by daylight she became a target for a Whitworth. If the wind was off shore we could hear one of the "devils" almost as soon as it left the muzzle of the gun. Its flight began with a shriek of fiendish glee, changed to a moan of agony, rose to a scream for vengeance, and the last quarter of a mile was a combination of scream and shriek which brought the hair on end and the cold chills to the spine. The man who pretended not to fear them was a base hypocrite. The man whose ears can take in those sounds without affecting his nerve does not live to do battle. Our vessel was struck two or three times, and on five or six occasions had close calls, but the shells which struck were no more terrifying than those which dropped into the water with the hiss of a monster serpent a hundred feet away.

To be killed by a shell bursting at the instant of contact means more than death. It means such complete annihilation as can be effected in no other manner on earth, except by the explosion of gunpowder or nitro-glycerine. The victim may see a flash, hear a roar, but it must come in the fiftieth part of a second. The vengeance of man grants him the merest iota of time. Those to the right and left see a flash of flame and hear an explosion and the "w-h-i-n-g!" of fragments, but the

victim—perhaps the man on his immediate right and left—has been blotted off the face of the earth, as if he had never existed. When the roar of battle has died away to a low growl; when the growl has become an occasional mutter; when the mutter has lapsed to a gasp, in which a man in blue or gray yields up his life to a stray bullet, we will make a search. There is a blood on the parched grass, bits of burned clothing on limb and bush, a lock of hair here and there, with a bit of scalp attached. We may find a button or two, a broken and twisted gun barrel or bayonet, the visor of a soldier's cap. That is all. These are the relics—the fragments—of a soldier struck by a shell. That is, they may be. Sometimes not even a button is found, nothing but a plash on the earth to show that blood and fragments fell there.

Let Them Learn to be "Men."

Listen to the words of eight-tenths of the addresses to the children in our schools, both religious and secular, and note the materialism that mars them all. Mr. J——— was a good boy; he is now a rich merchant! Mr. N——— was always in his place at the Sunday school; he is now governor of the state! How often are these merely external rewards held up for emulation, and not a word said about character, integrity, the satisfaction of a genuine life! It is high time to stop holding up money, position and power as the reward of honest and faithful living; it is high time to teach children that the real rewards of right living—the only certain rewards—are elevation and nobility of nature, the influence that comes from purity of purpose, the peace that comes from duty sought and followed with resolute faith. The boys in the schools can not all be Presidents, governors, or rich men; it is not only demoralizing to urge these aims upon them, but it is uttering untruth to promise them as rewards. They can, however, all become men of industry, integrity and purity; they can achieve that real success found only in character, of which all external successes are but the shadows. Teach the children to seek first the kingdom of God, and they will achieve success as its masters, not as its slaves.—*Christian Union.*

DISPERSING A TRAMP.

What Happened to Those Who Tried It—A Graphic Tale Graphically Told.

I was eating dinner at a farm house in Indiana when one of the children came in and announced that a highway tramp had called at the kitchen door and asked for a bite to eat. The farmer was a very short, very fat, and very bald-headed man, and he was postmaster at the corners and justice of the peace in and for the county. He had a son called James, another called Moses, and a hired man addressed as Towser. He sent out word for the tramp to sit down and rest, and as a laugh went round the table he explained.

"After dinner I shall be pleased to show you how we encourage tramps in this section. This is evidently a new man in this part of the state, or he would never have called here."

After dinner we went out. The tramp was sitting under a cherry tree, looking as comfortable as you please, and evidently unsuspicious that anything except dinner was in store for him. He looked to me like a bad man to fool with, but the farmer didn't seem to read him in that way.

"Now, Towser," he said, as he rubbed his fat hands together, "you will stand up."

"What fur?" asked the tramp.

"To be kicked! I am going to boot you from this spot down to that silvered telephone pole."

"But I object."

"Can't help that. As a fourth class postmaster of the United States of America, I command you to arise."

"If I am kicked, somebody else will get hurt!" cautioned the tramp, as he got up.

"As one of the justices of the peace in and for this county, I command you to disperse," said the farmer, as he turned the tramp toward the gate and administered a kick.

Next instant he received a left-hander on the nose, which knocked him into a confused heap on the grass, and the tramp got out of his old coat and prepared for business.

"Towser, pulverize him!" shouted the farmer, as he struggled to his knees. "In the name of the United States, I command you to knock him down!"

Towser advanced, his big fists doubled up, but the tramp danced to the right and the left, and then sent in one on the hired man's commissary department, which doubled him up, and laid him among the hollyhocks.

"James, Moses, make him prisoner!" yelled the old man, as he plucked a handful of grass and held it to his bleeding nose.

The tramp chuckled. There was fun ahead.

The two boys were strapping young fellows, strong enough to knock down an ox, and they were willing to go in. As they stripped off the tramp backed up between two current bushes, where they could not flank him, and as they advanced upon him he grinned all over. He played with them for a minute or two, and then drew a long breath, made three or four feints, and piled them on the grass together. Neither moved to get up for full two minutes. Meanwhile the tramp rested and looked over to me and queried:

"You ain't one of the crowd?"

"No."

"And don't want me to disperse?"

"Not particularly."

"All right. I don't think the United States and his gang want anything more of me just now, and as I have an engagement down the road, I'll move on. When they get washed up and the bandages on, tell 'em I used to scrap with the boys in Chicago in days gone by, and that I held myself in and let 'em off very mild. Good by, stranger. Ta, ta, old fatty!"

And he had been gone ten minutes before the postmaster came over to me and whispered:

"Did you ever!"

BRIGHT BITS THESE.

A Boston punster asks what a hornet would be without a stinger. It wouldn't be a hornet, at all.

While one swallow may not make a summer, it cannot be denied that one frog has but little difficulty in making a spring.

By a certain periodical a woman in man's clothes is called a barefaced deception. What if it happened to be a bearded woman?

More than $28,000 has already been subscribed toward raising the much-talked-of permanent Washington memorial arch in New York city. For once the popular fancy down there appears to have been tickled in the right spot.

Anna Dickinson's mother died at West Pittston, Pa., Monday, at the advanced age of 90 years. Miss Dickinson is greatly prostrated by the loss of her mother, the two having always been on the most intimate and companionable terms.

Pretty soon "Steve" Brodie, the ridiculously reckless bridge-jumper, will be going over to Paris to try a leap from the Eiffel tower, which is 1,000 feet high. If he makes the jump it won't cost him much for a return ticket home.

"Waitah, bwing a path of tongs—meh spoon has fallen in the soup," said a dude in a New York hotel, a couple of years ago. Since then the expression "in the soup," has become one of the proudest emoluments of the English language. Who says dudes are wholly useless? —*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

Alfred's Narrow Escape.

"Alfred, before we were married you told me you never swore, and yet in your sleep last night you used the most awful profane language I ever heard in my life."

(Cautiously) "What did I seem to be talking about, my dear?"

"You kept muttering something about jack pots, royal flushes, red hackles, gaffs, putting up dukes, pasting somebody on the nob, and a lot of other things I couldn't understand."

"Those, my love, are—aw—military terms. I dreamed I was in a battle."

"But why should you swear so dreadfully, Alfred?"

(Seeing his way out) "I thought I was with the army in Flanders, my love."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Novel Savings Bank.

A curious toy savings bank has been invented by a New York man, which holds its deposits until they reach a certain sum. The bank is shaped like a Saratoga trunk. Three styles are made, one for cents, another for half dimes, and a third for dimes. Each, after the first coin is deposited, is locked until the hundredth coin is pushed through the slot, and as each coin enters it registers upon a dial. A man who buys a dime bank must put 100 dimes into it if he wants to open it, and a nickel bank can be opened only when it contains $5. The banks are strongly made of nickel-plated cast iron, and the locking device is unpickable, because after it is locked the keyhole is taken indoors. Nothing but the right amount of coins will open it, and when the hundredth coin enters the door opens automatically.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won Merit Wins for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

FASHION NOTES.

White waistcoats have reappeared.

Badly-fitting dresses are rarely seen nowadays.

Feathers have been discarded for the summer.

The toque capote is a bonnet of youthful shape.

This season's flags are ornamented with 42 stars.

"Jersey mud" is the color of the newest spring derby hat.

Bengaline dresses are in favor for afternoon receptions.

Gentlemen's neck scarfs for summer wear are made of pongee.

Black and colored tulle bonnets are made for midsummer wear.

Maids of honor at weddings carry baskets of lilies of the valley.

Silver lorgnettes are a shade more elegant than those of tortoise shell.

Very large ladies should wear plain fabrics without figures or stripes.

Bonnets for youthful matrons have strings that come from the back.

A wedding trousseau for a bride in England consists of eighty garments.

The deposed leader of the 400 always selects snuff color for his every-day suits.

Men are privileged to wear Roman sashes with their tennis suits and are happy.

The anemone has been the favorite flower in London for buttonholes this spring.

When tan-colored gloves go out of fashion pale gray-green will take their place.

Sunburnt noses have been conspicuously fashionable since the Centennial celebration.

Straw bonnets for summer are almost as soft as lace and are held in shape by fine wire.

A shade of pink, which is not expressed by "salmon" or "old rose," is called veal color.

A lovely evening dress is made of a soft silk in a shade of yellow like the laburnum blossoms.

Young lady graduates wear low-necked gowns when the commencement takes place in the evening.

A boot with a triplicate sole is an invention of the latest date. Said boot, it is estimated, will last a lifetime.

A billet doux served up in quite the proper style should be written on gray paper and in rose-colored or primrose ink.

Bonnet strings are tiny pipings like milliner's folds, which pass under the chin and end in a rosette just below the left ear.

Ladies of wealth and fashion have contracts with florists for keeping their drawing rooms supplied with their favorite exotics.

There has been a report,—not properly confirmed, however—that dress coats are to be lined with colored satin next season.

A Colored Hero.

Just below Natchez, and at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, there was a wild shout of: "Man overboard!" and the engineer at once got the signal to stop. Those of us sitting aft saw a black man struggling in the water a few feet astern, and as we rose up to throw him a life preserver a second woolly head appeared beside him. Some one had jumped in to rescue him and he did his work well. The first one was a poor swimmer and badly frightened, but the second had a powerful stroke and was evidently at home in the water. He seized and held the unfortunate up until they drifted down and a rope was thrown them.

"By George!" exclaimed the colonel, as they were pulled in, "but that fellow deserves a medal!"

We rushed down to interview him, and as he leaned against a pile of freight, wet but not a bit exhausted, the colonel said:

"My man, that was a brave act. Did you see him fall overboard?"

"Why, I dun chase him ober," was the reply.

"How?"

"He dun stole my terbacker an' I was arter him. Dat's what I saved him fur—didn't want to lose all dat plug!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cleaning House.

Mrs. Ripper—Well, John, I'm glad to see you back. What a dreadful time you must have had—sleeping out of doors, going hungry, being chased by Indians, shot at by cowboys and——"

Mr. Ripper (looking among a chaos of bedding, beds, chairs and tables for his boots)—Well, June, Oklahoma was pretty tough, but I'm sorry I didn't stay there till you were done cleaning.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Edison Concentrator.

Edison has perfected another useful invention. It is known as the Edison concentrator, the object of which is to collect by mechanical means the real ore dug from a mine and discharge all dirt and earthy matter that interferes with smelting. It it can be successfully worked it will be worth a fortune to the iron men.

The Difference in Latitude.

Chicago man—"You know that lot that sold for $4,000 a foot this summer?" Oklahoma boomer just returned—"Yes." Chicago man—"Well, sir, when my grandfather came to Chicago he could have bought that whole block for $75—half cash and half barter." Oklahoma boomers—"You know that corner lot in Guthrie I sold last week for fifteen cents?" C. M. "I do; I bought it myself, like the fool I am." O. B., sadly—"Well, three weeks ago I paid $18,000 for it, spot cash."—*Burdette.*

More Marine Complications.

"Well," said young Hyson, "I see the fishery troubles are on us again." "Canadians fire into an American smack?" asked old Hyson. "No, but the bookkeeper took a day off for a whip at the brook, he called it; he was gone three days, either fell into the sea or slept in it; lost his hat and rod; was drunk about all the time, came home with a cold that will keep him in bed for a week, and can't remember whether he lost the duplicate keys to the safe in the river, or left them on the train."—*Burdette.*

In No Danger.

Mrs. Minks (severely)—George, there is an account in the paper about a business man leaving his wife and running off with a pretty typewriter girl.

Mr. Minks—Indeed.

"Yes, and it's the third account of the kind I've seen this week."

"That doesn't interest me."

"It does me. You have a pretty typewriter girl in your office."

"No, we haven't. My partner eloped with her last week."—*New York Weekly.*

Knows His Trade.

Waiter (in an all-night restaurant, at 2:30 o'clock a. m.)—"Gent orders lamb chops, and there ain't any."

Proprietor (glancing at the clock)—"Well, give him an oyster stew, and say nothin'."—*Puck.*

Her Ignorance.

Mrs. Cumso—"Jimmy's always getting into fights with other boys. I'm afraid when he grows up he'll be a professional pugilist."

Mr. Cumso—"I see you don't know much about pugilists."—*Sun.*

Where Simplicity Avails,

Before adding another line we wish to state that it is Compound Oxygen of which we would speak. Having thus admitted our purpose we call attention briefly to what the voice of experience has to say:

MARION, VA., August 27, 1886.

"I am happy to report my mother now in her seventy-fifth year much improved in health since using the Compound Oxygen."

MRS. VIRGINIA B. HAILER.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 13, 1887.

"No one seems to appreciate the blessing of getting out more than I do. I also realize had it not been for the Compound Oxygen I would not have been here to enjoy this blessing."

LYDIA B. CHACE.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

A Chance on the Ground Floor.

"Are your eyes giving out?" asked Mrs. Oldboy, "are you consulting an oculist?"

"No," replied Oldboy, "my eyes are as good as they were at 20. What makes you think they are failing?" "Because you spoke in your sleep last night about Kiralfy's spectacles. Who is he?" Mr. Oldboy explained that he was an optician who wanted him to go into business with him. —*Burdette.*

SUBURBAN JOYS.

OMEWARD in the pleasant evening,
In the gloaming of the May day,
Trudged the noble Hiawatha
To his cottage in the suburbs;
Where he daily missed his breakfast,
And the first train that he ran for.
Now his heart was glad within him,
For he bore upon his shoulders,
In his arms and in his pockets
Things to make and stock the garden;
Spade and fork to break the clods up;
Rakes to make them somewhat finer;
Various kinds of patent weeders—
Mighty good to break the back with,
Dandy things to make the back ache;
Hoes to tickle Mother Earth with,
Till she laughs in weedy harvests;
Pruners, clippers, lines and markers;
Shovels, trowels, things that no man,
Save the dealer, could have use for.
Seeds in bags with pictures on them;
Pictured fruits of size gigantic;
Strawberries that looked like apples,
Warranted to bear the first year
Three large quarts to every dozen;
Apple seed that would be bearing
Rosy apples when the snow flies;
Peach pits that would be all ready
For the table about harvest;
Pumpkin seed done up so nicely
Marked "Pietas Puritani,"
With a foot note that described it
As an ornamental trailer,
Just the thing to droop in clusters,
Perfumed festoons o'er the front porch.
All these things and many others
Hiawatha carried homeward,
Laughing as in dreams he saw them
Fill his home with fruit and blossom,
Blooming like the blooms of Bloomville;
Never thinking that the Seed Man
Went and played him for a sucker.
Such a chump is Hiawatha,
When he moves into the country;
Greener is he than the grass blades,
Greener than the broad-leaved plantain
That he cultivates for pansies;
Greener than the flaunting rag weed
That he thinks will turn to asters;
Greener far is Hiawatha
Than the green things in his garden;
But as lurid as the lightning
When it scathes the mountain forest;
Darker than the brow of midnight
When it frowns upon the tempest;
Crimson as the angry fire fiend
When it sweeps across the prairies—
Such is Hiawatha's language,
When in casual conversation,
He descants upon the Seed Man.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

HADJI HASSEIN GHOOLY KHAN.

The Persian Minister Taken for a Peddler by a Washington Servant Girl.

A dispatch from Washington says that Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan, the Persian minister, is just recovering from a severe shock which his oriental dignity sustained a few days ago. To-day he ventured to make a few formal calls, this being his first appearance in society since the occurrence in question. As a representative of one of the oldest existing dynasties, Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan prides himself upon his social qualifications. Like most of the foreign diplomats, he is quite "a society man," but his oriental magnificence lends to him an exceptional charm in the eyes of the capital's "less than 400." He is accordingly welcomed with effusive pleasure into various official homes, and no member of Ward McAllister's more or less famous "400" is stricter in the observance of social rules, regulations and duties. One fine afternoon a few days ago Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan took his visiting list and started on his rounds. As it was balmy and pleasant he decided to walk, and walk he did. In his fez cap and oriental robes he meandered along the fashionable Connecticut avenue to the first number on his list. It was the home of a high official of the United States government, where the Persian representative of royalty had been warmly welcomed upon various occasions. He marched boldly up the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by a maid servant. She was a newly imported domestic, and she had never before gazed upon Persian royalty. Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan is a dark-skinned, and the effect of his color, heightened by his oriental garb, gave him in her eyes much the appearance of a side-show curiosity or a patent medicine monutebank.

"Phwat do ye's want?" she inquired in rich but incisive Hibernian. For reply Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan held out his dainty visiting card, and submitted a most profound but dignified salaam. It was not intended for the servant, but for the expected hostess inside.

"Ees Meestress B—— at home?" he inquired in very fair English.

"Yes," replied the new but knowing maid, "but not to the folkes of yees, Git."

The Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Persian dynasty was aghast and insulted. He had no words for explanation. So determined and decisive a reply to his modest query was not a proposition to be argued. He hesitated for a moment as if deciding whether to retreat calmly or to slaughter the offending servant and take forcible possession of the household. His moment of hesitation gave the maid her opportunity to "finish" him. "Yees kin not come in at this dure," she continued emphatically. "The mistress says that iverything av yure color must go round to the back dure, and yees can go there now. So now move on," and the front door was slammed in Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan's face. The royal Persian and believer in Mohammed, fairly livid rage, moved off the block, while the mistress inside, attracted by the controversy, went to the window and looked out. She saw Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan going away and she called to the servant rather imperatively:

"Mary, why didn't you admit that gentlemen?"

"He's a dirthy peddler ma'am, an' ol tould him to git out, an' I slammed the dure on him, so ol did."

Madam nearly fainted, and when she recovered Mary was out of a job. Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan went home mad clean through and resolved to deprive Washington society of his royal presence. Yesterday, so it is reported, diplomacy succeeded in satisfactorily explaining the matter to him, and to-day he fully restored himself to the society of which he has been a brilliant light.

WARNER'S Safe Cure removes defective vision or sight. Why? Because it gets rid of the poisonous kidney acid circulating in the blood. Impaired vision is caused by advanced kidney disease, another name for Bright's disease, which has no symptoms of its own." Warner's Safe Cure removes the cause, when normal vision returns.

A Point Well Made.

"My dear," said Mr. Scraggs, as he glanced at his wife's face, "if I were in your place I wouldn't strike any matches to-night"

"Wouldn't strike any matches to-night?" echoed Mrs. Scraggs. "Why, what in the world do you mean?"

"Well," was the slow reply, "it is never safe to fool with fire in the vicinity of a powder magazine."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Changed Her Mind.

Mother—"Johnnie, why are you crying? I'm only going to be away a week, and your papa will be home with you."

"No he won't; he's going to Rome."

"Going to Rome? Why, child, what do you mean?"

"I heard him say he would make Rome howl when you left."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I won't leave you, Johnnie."—*Lincoln Journal.*

He Struck the Right Man.

The other day an important-looking gentleman took a seat beside a quiet man in an Arkansas railway carriage and began a conversation.

"I'm going up to Little Rock," he said, "to get a pardon for a convicted thief. I'm not personally acquainted with the governor, but he can't afford to refuse me."

"Is the man guilty?" asked the man.

"Of course he is; but that makes no difference. His friends have agreed to give me $500 if I get him out, and the thermometer is very low when I can't put up a good talk. Where are you traveling?"

"Going to Little Rock."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might be of some service to me. What business are you in?"

"I'm the governor."

He wasn't of the least "service to him." *Ledger.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you
While upon the field I'm watching
With the enemy in view;
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

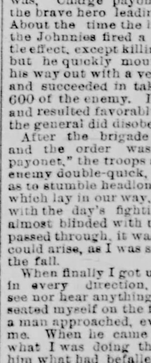
CHORUS: Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh! I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know
In every battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding;
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now, may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom!"
How it sweeps upon the air.
Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round our standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there!

A CHARGE—CAPTURED—PRISON LIFE.

COMRADE JAS. LONG, SALESVILLE, O.



THE firing had suddenly ceased, and the rebels disappeared. It was between 1 and 2 o'clock, p. m., during an engagement which had lasted from early morning.

Our brigade was ordered to take up a position some little distance to the rear of our temporary breastworks of logs, stumps, rails, etc., which had been hurriedly constructed during the preceding night.

We threw ourselves down on the ground to rest, quietness prevailing in contrast to the roar of battle just subsided. We awaited further orders.

About an hour before sundown a mounted orderly was seen swiftly approaching. He bore orders from Gen. Reynolds to Gen. Turchen, to the effect that the latter commander should surrender his men.

Old Father Turchen saw the orderly approaching and sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing fire.

As the orderly jumped from his horse the general nervously seized the document he bore, quickly read it, and then throwing up his hands in an exciting gesture exclaimed:

"Py Cotts! me no surrender my men! 'Leven (Ohio) regiment, fall in!"

The whole brigade, being closely huddled on the sward, heard the general's vociferous words of command, and every man was on his feet in an instant.

As the 11th Ohio was the nearest regiment to him he called on them first, and he continued to call on the different regiments until all were in line. When they were all in position he ordered in stentorian tones, "Double quick, boys, double quick!"

And away we went. None looked back, and if any had they could have discerned but little, for the troops passed down the road in which dust lay about shoemouth deep, and no wind to carry it away. It raised up in great clouds; it choked and strangled the boys, and many stumbled and fell, the dust being sometimes so dense we could not see where we were going.

After we had gone a mile or so on the road the command was given, "Halt! About face!"

Then the old general placed himself in front of the brigade, and the next word was, "Charge payonet! Double-quick!" the brave hero leading his men to victory. About the time the last order was given the Johnnies fired a volley at us, with little effect, except killing the generals horse; but he quickly mounted another and out his way out with a very small loss of men, and succeeded in taking prisoners about 600 of the enemy. It was a grand charge and resulted favorably to our side, though the general did disobey orders.

After the brigade had "about-faced," and the order was given to "charge payonet," the troops starting toward the enemy double-quick, I was so unfortunate as to stumble headlong over a pine tree which lay in our way, and being fatigued with the day's fighting, and choked and almost blinded with the dust we had just passed through, it was some time before I could arise, as I was somewhat stunned by the fall.

When finally I got up and looked around in every direction, I could neither see nor hear anything of our men. I then seated myself on the fallen tree, and soon a man approached, evidently having seen me. When he came along he asked me me what I was doing there, and I informed him what had befallen me. Inquiry elicited the fact that he, too, had become lost from his command.

Neither of us knew which direction to take to reach our regiments; but, hearing a command away to our left, we concluded it was some of our troops and started in that direction.

We had proceeded but a short distance when we discovered a regiment in a cornfield near by. Still we opinioned they were our men, and slipped along through a patch of underbrush, following a trail which necessitated our stooping to get along.

When we reached the opposite side of the thicket and had straightened up we heard the ominous word, "halt!" and there stood, about 10 or 20 rods distant, a squad of four rebels, their guns bearing upon us. They had been watching us slipping through the thicket, and were prepared for us.

They had the drop on us and we surrendered, giving them our arms. One of them approached me and said: "Well, Yank, have yer got anything to eat?" trying to open my haversack.

"I hope you are not going to rob us in the bargain," said I.

Then the corporal said we should not be mistreated, and ordered the impudent confederate to desist.

We were then ordered to move on, and they conducted us a few hundred yards and placed us in a "bull-pen," where we remained over night.

The next morning they started with us, steering for Richmond. Little squads kept in different localities over night, were added as we went along, and by the next day our party numbered 1,800. I believe nearly every company in our regiment was represented among the prisoners, who had been gobbled up during the battle of the previous day. I was the only one of our company. Some companies were represented by one, some two, and others by three members.

It was a long, weary march through Dixie land to Richmond. We were very hungry most of the time, for we could procure nothing to eat. The guards who had us in charge would say, "just wait until you get to Richmond; then you'll have penty to eat!"

"How long will it be until we get there?" the boys would ask.

"Oh, not very long, now."

And that, "oh, not long, now," lasted for over a week.

They stopped us at a little town on the route and confined us in a small field for a few hours. When they were ready to move forward again we were marched out of the inclosure through a gate just large enough for one man to pass out at a time. As each prisoner emerged from the gate he was divested of knapsack, haversack, canteen and blanket. There was a pile of these accoutrements, when the last prisoner had filed out of the enclosure, large enough to have filled two box cars. We did not regret so much the loss of the haversacks, for they were empty, but the blankets and canteens were needed.

But there we were—no knapsacks, no blankets, no can

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under any circumstances.

The Practice of Shaving.

Hirsute, Defiance, O.: You will find the first reference to shaving in Genesis, xli, 14, where it is set forth that Joseph, on being summoned before the king, shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of Scripture. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries such an act would have been unanimous. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians allowed their beards to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at other times that to have neglected it was a subject of reproach and ridicule, and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition or slovenly habits the artists represented him with a beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to freeborn citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both beard and head. The priests also shaved the head. Shaving the beard became customary among the Romans about 300 B. C. According to Pliny Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved daily. In France the custom of shaving arose when Louis XIII came to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo-Saxons wore their beards until, at the Conquest, they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans, who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to that of Charles I beards were universally worn. In Charles II's reign the mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after this the practice of shaving became general throughout Europe. At the present time, the majority of men wear no hair on the face, save a mustache. A short beard is admissible, but a very long beard is looked on as either affectation or a sign of crankiness. Motives of cleanliness should prompt men to keep the beard short enough to admit of a thorough cleansing of the skin daily. The same objection lies to long hair on men.

Martin Luther.

——, Toledo, Iowa: Martin Luther, the great reformer of the sixteenth century, was born at Eisleben, Germany, in 1483. In 1507 he was ordained a priest, and became a teacher in the university of Wittenberg. He became a preacher of note, and the novelty of his views on the Bible began to attract attention. He was sent on a mission to Rome in 1510 or 1511, and what he saw and heard there made a reformer of him. The system of indulgences had reached a scandalous height, and the sale of pardons for sin had become an organized part of the papal system. Money was needed at Rome to feed the extravagance of the papal court, and indulgences were sold throughout Europe to raise money by the sale of "indulgences" for the sins of humanity. One of these was John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, whose shameless traffic in indulgences caused Luther to begin his work of reformation in earnest. He drew up his famous 95 theses against the doctrine of indulgences, which he nailed on the gate of the church at Wittenberg, and offered to maintain against all opposers. His general position was that the pope has no right to forgive sins. Tetzel fled to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, whence he answered Luther. The pope, Leo X, finally summoned him to Rome to answer for his theses. The elector of Saxony interfered, and a legate was sent from Rome to hear and determine the case. A papal bull was issued against Luther, which he publicly burned. Germany was in a state of excitement. The Diet of Worms met in 1521; an order was issued to destroy Luther's book, and he was summoned to appear before the Diet, where he held his ground and refused to retract. In 1525 Luther married Catharine Von Bora, a former nun, by whom he had several children. From the Diet of Worms to 1530 he devoted himself to the organization of a reformed church. He died in 1546.

Why Water Power is Stronger at Night.

J. L., Palatine, Ill., writes that he propounded the first inquiry in this department in order to see if a satisfactory reason for the alleged fact would be given. He says:

"One reply took the ground that water evaporates under all temperatures, and the action of the sun's heat causes evaporation to take place faster by day than at night, therefore the volume of water is a little more at night, and exerts more force. I do not agree with my friend in his theory. I claim exactly the opposite of his view of the question. If dampness makes the atmosphere heavier, then this force would be exerted during the 24 hours—for instance, by day, when we are having heavy, continuous rains or dense fog. Atmospheric changes would render water power as unreliable as wind power—per contra, water power is known to be one of the most steady and uniform of all motor powers. It is an axiom in geometry, in nature, everywhere, that no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. He says that fog or weather smoke descends to the earth because its weight or specific gravity is more than the same bulk of air. In bright, clear weather it rises because its specific gravity is less. Throw a cork and a ball of iron in water, it displaces its own bulk of water and sinks for the same reason. Throw a bar of iron in water, it displaces its own bulk of water and sinks for the same reason. He says that fog or weather smoke descends to the earth because its weight or specific gravity is more than the same bulk of air. In bright, clear weather it rises because its specific gravity is less. Throw a cork and a ball of iron in water, it displaces its own bulk of water and sinks for the same reason. Throw a bar of iron in water, it displaces its own bulk of water and sinks for the same reason. If it is true that the weight of the atmosphere is less than 5 tons, it would seem to me that whenever the atmosphere is clear and bright. I am much in favor of submitting this question to some scientific person who can give an answer to this question satisfactory to all."

"Do Stones Grow?"

F. C. B., Chapin, Mich., asks: "Do stones, like those commonly called "riggerheads," grow, or are they of natural formation?" The stones referred to are granite bowlders, found in great abundance in some portions of the northern United States. They are part of what is known as the "drift formation," and were brought down from the highlands of Canada by the agency of ice—or icebergs. The drift formation is composed of clay and gravel, in which the bowlders are found of all sizes. The northern portion of both hemispheres shows this drift formation, which extends about as far south as latitude 38°. There is a belief among some people that stones grow, or increase in size. Of course this is untrue. The writer recalls an instance—that of an enormous bowlder, or "riggerhead," of granite, in Southern Ohio, and one of the largest in the state. It lies in the bottom-land along a small stream, and fifty or sixty years ago its surface was level with the ground. It is now elevated in the middle above the country road, so that wagons passed over it. As is the case all over the world, the surface of the ground, especially in valleys, is being gradually worn down, and now the bowlder referred to stands some four feet or more above the surface. This is not because the stone has grown, but because the rains and floods of over half a century have cut the general surface down, and left the bowlder standing higher than its level.

National Cemeteries.

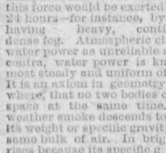
J. W. W., Melvern, Kan.: There are 82 national cemeteries. A complete list, with the information at each one, would require more space than the importance of the question warrants. The principal cemeteries and the number buried in each are as follows: Andersonville, Ga., 13,714; Antietam, Md., 4,671; Arlington, Va., 16,264; Beaufort, S. C., 9,241; Corinth, Miss., 5,716; Chattanooga, Tenn., 12,962; Chalmette, La., 12,511; Fredericksburg, Va., 15,257; Gettysburg, Pa., 3,575; Hampton, Va., 5,424; Jefferson Barracks, Mo., 11,490; Little Rock, Ark., 5,602; Marietta, Ga., 10,151; Memphis, Tenn., 13,977; Mound City, Ill., 5,226; Nashville, Tenn., 16,526; Newberne, N. C., 3,264; Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., 3,590; Poplar Grove, Va., 6,199; Port Hudson, La., 8,819; Richmond, Va., 6,542; Salisbury, N. C., 12,126; Soldiers' home, D. C., 5,602; Stone River, Tenn., 6,145; Vicksburg, Miss., 16,600; and Winchester, Va., 4,459. About 75,000 soldiers are buried in all the rest of the cemeteries. There are monuments, usually consisting of a granite pedestal surmounted by a siege gun standing on end, in all or nearly all of the national cemeteries. The government has also furnished headstones for every grave.

Positions in the Census Bureau.

C., ——, Ind., asks: "Is it necessary for a person to pass an examination before he makes his application for a computer's position in the census bureau? When and where will a person have to go to be examined? What is necessary to pass an examination?"

On the editorial (4th) page of THE BLADE of May 16, under the heading, "Clerks in the Census Office," is discussed the difference of opinion between Civil Service Commissioner Lyman and Superintendent of the Census Porter. Until that is settled, the above questions can not be completely answered. One thing is certain, however, that all clerks in the Census Bureau will have to pass an examination, in order to get positions, either by the Civil Service commission, or under the secretary of the Interior's direction. Applications for positions can be made before examination, of course. The examination will take place in Washington City. As the examination is not provided for yet, no one knows of what it will consist, or when it will take place. Write to Hon. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of census, Washington, D. C., or to John C. Doyle, secretary of the civil service commission, Washington, D. C., for information.

W. J. S., Evans City, Pa.: See article on "Census of 1890," on 5th page of the Weekly BLADE of May 9; also the above answer.



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CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

"Pidgin English."

S. C., Union House, Cal.: The word pidgin, or pigeon, as connected with English, is a Chinaman's poor attempt to pronounce the word "business." "Pigeon English," therefore, means "business English." It is a strange admixture of English, Chinese and Portugese, and is used in all parts of the far East as a means of communication between the natives and the foreigners. During nearly half a century, and especially since the opening of many of the Chinese ports to Europeans, business relations have developed to such vast proportions and caused such large amounts of money to change hands that some universally understood means of communication became absolutely necessary, and pidgin or pidgeon English was the result. Its requirement in the ocount ports, at all events, is a matter of importance both with traders and with natives, who seek situations in foreign employ, and it has become a popular medium of communication. Already this rude form of our language bids fair not only to reach all the peoples of the far East, but it is extending as a new form of speech in this country and in Australia, and wherever else the Chinaman locates himself. As there is an Anglo-Chinese language called "pigeon English," so there is an Anglo-Indian of a somewhat similar character, called "baboo English," a mixture of English and Hindoo words.

The Banana.

H. J., Tamora, Neb.: The banana is a tropical fruit, and will not grow in the temperate zone. It requires deep, rich soil, and much moisture. The cutting or shoot, when planted, sends up two leaves, which are followed by others, until the leaf-stems have formed a trunk some eight or ten inches thick, composed wholly of concentric leaf-sheaths. In a period of nine months the bud appears on top, and as it grows the great bunch of young fruit develops. It requires three or four months to ripen the fruit, when the plant dies, and young shoots start from its roots, by which alone it is propagated for the next crop. Each plant, it will be seen, bears but one bunch of bananas, such as are familiar to us in fruit stores. There are many different varieties of bananas. The same area of ground that produces 1,000 pounds of potatoes will produce 44,000 pounds of bananas; or the area that will produce enough wheat to feed one man a year will produce enough bananas to feed 25 men. The plants are set closely in cultivation, and the bunches gathered before they are ripe. By properly timing the planting, a plantation will yield the year round, but the crop is much more abundant at the regular season.

Rosea—El Mahdi—The Soudan.

F. D. H., Round Lake, N. Y.: 1.—O'Donovan Rossa is an Irishman residing in New York City, who is one of the leaders who believe in the use of dynamite to destroy vessels, buildings, etc., belonging to the British government, in order to terrify it into giving Ireland its independence. 2.—The Arab who was a Mohammedan false prophet whose real name was Mohammed Achmet, who in 1884-85 roused the fanaticism of the wild Arab tribes in the Soudan. He claimed to be a descendant of Mohammed, to be inspired of God, and empowered by God to wage a holy war against all unbelievers. This brought him in collision with the English in Egypt, and his forces were defeated several times. He died in 1885, but one of the lieutenants has assumed the title of "El Mahdi," Arabic title whose meaning is uncertain. 3.—"The Soudan" is the name of a vast area in Central Africa. It is not an integral country, but is divided into numerous barbarous states, the chief of being Bauhara, Masina, Gando, Sakoto, Bornu, Bagirmi, Wadayand Darfur. (The latter has lately been annexed to Egypt). Area, 2,250,000 square miles; population about 15,000,000.

The Divorce Law Abomination.

B. F., ——, N. Y., asks: "1.—A man living in the state of New York wishes to get a divorce from his wife, but, under the laws of the state, cannot. He goes into Ohio and gets it. Can he come back to New York and be legally married and continue to live in the state? 2.—And does the fact of the man getting his divorce in another state give his wife the right to marry again without due course of law?"

1.—Yes. These circumstances constitute one of the strongest reasons why there should be a uniform law of marriage and divorce throughout the United States. A man married in one state can go to another and get a divorce, and come back to the first state and marry. The law of New York is especially atrocious in this respect. As stated by our correspondent, a man can come back with his second wife, and then, under the laws of that state, be the legal husband of two wives. The first wife it not divorced, and can not marry again. It is a state of things which should be remedied as speedily as possible.

"Big" and "Large."

S. H., ——Minn.: 1.—"Big" is from the Welsh *bechog*, burdened, loaded, pregnant; "large" is from the Latin *largus*, meaning large. Therefore, etymologically, the meaning of both of the two words, but there is a distinction in use. They can be used synonymously only when applied to size; as "a large ox," "a big ox." "Big" is used to express greatness, fulness, importance, inflation, distress, etc., whether in a good or a bad sense; as a big heart, big words, to look big. Large can not be used thus. It is used in the sense of abundant, plentiful, copious, or ample; as a large supply of provisions. Also to refer to number, in the sense of numerous or populous; as a large city, a large assembly. Also of surface or area; as a large field, plain, river, etc. Big could not properly be used in the sense of "How large have you done your work?" is the correct form, not "with your work." Toward is the proper preposition in the sentence, "The Mississippi river flows toward the south." Why not say "southward," however?

Extradition—Pronunciation of "Oklahoma."

Teacher, Lebanon, Ill.: 1.—There is an extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States, covering the return of criminals from either country who have fled to the other; but that treaty was made years ago, and embezzlement is not enumerated among the causes for extradition. Hence embezzlers can not be extradited under that treaty. Probably the reason for the omission was that the offense was a rare one in those days. The Weldon act, passed by the Dominion Parliament a few weeks ago, provides for the arrest of any embezzler who flees to Canada for refuge, and will stop the practice hereafter. It is not retroactive, however, and does not cover the cases of those already there. 2.—The name Oklahoma is pronounced "Ock-la-ho-ma," accent on the third; the *a* in the 2d and 4th syllables has the sound of *a* in *father*. 3.—"The Vision of Sir Launfal" is to be found in any edition of James Russell Lowell's poems, and is also, we believe, published separately as a gift book.

The Twelfth Amendment.

C. M. P., Washington, D. C.: The federal constitution at first provided in clause 3, section 1, Art. ii, that the electors of each state should vote for two persons for President. The result of the ballot was to be certified to and sent to Washington, directed to the President of the Senate, as is now done. The President of the Senate was to open all the returns, in the presence of both houses of Congress, and the votes then be counted. The one having the greatest number of votes, if it were a majority of the total number of electors, was to be President; the person having the next greatest number of votes, was to be the Vice President. Had this provision continued without change, in 1884 Cleveland would have been President and Blaine Vice President; now, Harrison would be President and Cleveland Vice President.

It was changed, however, by the 12th amendment, so that the electors in each state vote separately for President and Vice President.

Seat of the Federal Government.

J. Y., High Point, Mo., asks: "Will you tell the time and place to which the seat of government for the United Colonies and for the United States has been removed since July 4, 1876?"

The Continental Congress held its sessions in Philadelphia, except when compelled to leave that city by the approach of the British in 1777, when it went first to Lancaster, Pa., and afterward to York, returning afterward to Philadelphia. The first Congress under the constitution met at New York in 1789, where Washington was first inaugurated. In 1790 Congress fixed the seat of government at Philadelphia for ten years, after which it was to be located at some point on the Potomac, by the selection. The city of Washington was accordingly laid out in 1791, and became the seat of government in 1800.

Marching Order of Brass Band.

——, Dufur, Ore.: The position, in marching order, of a brass band composed of the pieces you name, would be, according to the plan mostly followed in the East, as follows:

Tenor.	Baritone.	Tuba.
Alto.	Alto.	2d B flat.
1st B flat.	2d E flat.	1st E flat.
	Drums.	

This puts the lead in the rear. Some bands follow the exact reverse of this, as follows:

1st B flat.	2d E flat.	1st E flat.
Alto.	Baritone.	2d B flat.
Tenor.	Drums.	Tuba.

Railway Postal Service.

E. N. McC., Fowler City, Kan., writes: "Should like some information regarding the railway postal service. Where to send to procure circular issued by Civil Service commission on the subject, and what steps to take to secure appointment in railway postal service."

He will find in the Bureau of May 9 full directions how to proceed, and all that is necessary to know. Answers will not be repeated in the Bureau.

Australia.

J. M. J., Tescott, Kan., asks: "Give as lengthy description of Australia as space will admit, its climate, the inhabitants, farming resources, health, stock raising, and so on."

Australia is too large to describe in their way. It embraces 2,944,893 square miles—four-fifths as large as the United States. Its climate ranges from subtropical in the north to temperate in the south. The interior has not been fully explored, and the chief settlements are along the southern and eastern coasts. It is divided into Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia and the Northern Territory. Sheep-raising is the great industry. Victoria is the southeastern division, and is noted for its gold, silver, copper, tin, zinc, coal, and other minerals. The climate is like that of the Gulf coast of the United States. Wheat, barley and oats are the chief products. If you desire to go there, you should correspond with some one there.

The Origin of "O. K."

W. D., Lompoc, Cal., "an old New Yorker," writes as follows as to the origin of "O. K.": "'O. K.' originated in 1840, in a cartoon representing Van Buren leaving the White House, with a pack on his back, marked 'O. K.'—'Off to Kinderhook,' his home on the Hudson river."

Miscellaneous.

C. P., Forest, Ill.: They probably deal honestly.

H. B. H., East Liverpool, O.: The first copper cents were coined at Philadelphia, in 1792.

F. McB., North Washington, O.: Your question has been handed to the editor of the Farm department.

R. F., South Omaha, Neb.: Your question regarding cut worms has been handed to the Farm editor of the BLADE, who believes in the use of dynamite to destroy vessels, buildings, etc., belonging to the British government, in order to terrify it into giving Ireland its independence. 2.—The Arab who was a Mohammedan false prophet whose real name was Mohammed Achmet, who in 1884-85 roused the fanaticism of the wild Arab tribes in the Soudan. He claimed to be a descendant of Mohammed, to be inspired of God, and empowered by God to wage a holy war against all unbelievers. This brought him in collision with the English in Egypt, and his forces were defeated several times. He died in 1885, but one of the lieutenants has assumed the title of "El Mahdi," Arabic title whose meaning is uncertain. 3.—"The Soudan" is the name of a vast area in Central Africa. It is not an integral country, but is divided into numerous barbarous states, the chief of being Bauhara, Masina, Gando, Sakoto, Bornu, Bagirmi, Wadayand Darfur. (The latter has lately been annexed to Egypt). Area, 2,250,000 square miles; population about 15,000,000.

A. W. G., Hull, Iowa: We presume the "immortal fifty-six" were the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

J. V. Leavenworth, Kan.: Write to the "Second Auditor of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.," for information on the question you ask.

J. W. P., Hutchinson, Kas.: We are unable to give the dates of first publication of Goodrich's readers, and Webster's elementary spelling-book.

C. C. A., Lansing, Mich.: Queen Victoria has had, so far, 53 descendants, including children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Of these 45 are living, and eight are dead. She had nine children.

I. L. S., Vancouver, Washington: The poem, "Bingen on the Rhine," is in several school readers, and collections of popular poetry. You can find it in McGuffey's fifth reader.

F. Ashtabula, O.: 1.—The pronunciation of "Oklahoma" is given elsewhere in this week's answers. 2.—Write to Governor Humphrey, at Topeka, and find out about his relatives, if you wish to know, and can give a good reason for your curiosity.

Subscriber, Independence, Ia.: We have answered your question three times within the past five months. Here is the fourth time: John Adams, the first vice president, took the oath of office a couple of days before Washington was inaugurated.

E. J. B., Arney, Ind.: We know nothing about the so-called "mad-stones," except that they are porous, and are alleged to have the property of absorbing the venom of a dog-bite. We do not believe in them, and medical authorities universally ridicule all such beliefs.

W. C. E., Albion, Mich.: Letter-carriers at all classified postoffices—which embrace all the large ones—have to pass a civil service examination. The lowest salary, we believe, is $600 per year. All new carriers start in this class, and promotions are made from it as occasion requires.

F. M. W., Ozark, Mo.: 1.—It might be possible in the course of a century or so, by deliberately breeding cattle of both sexes, and hornless from the deformed sixth toe, to produce eventually a breed of hornless cattle. 2.—The White House was not reburnished when Harrison went into office.

H. J., Edgewood, Iowa: During the rebellion, passports were issued to citizens of the United States desiring to go to Europe, whereas, importance, inflation, distress, etc., whether in a good or a bad sense; as a big heart, big words, to look big. Large can not be used thus. It is used in the sense of abundant, plentiful, copious, or ample; as a large supply of provisions. Also to refer to number, in the sense of numerous or populous; as a large city, a large assembly. Also of surface or area; as a large field, plain, river, etc. Big could not properly be used in the sense of "How large have you done your work?" is the correct form, not "with your work." Toward is the proper preposition in the sentence, "The Mississippi river flows toward the south." Why not say "southward," however?

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What You Need Spring and Fall

WHEN you feel "all run down" is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** For restoring strength after sickness, or toning up the system at any time, this is the medicine of all others. Don't waste time and money on worthless compounds, whatever their pretensions; but remember that Ayer's has been the standard Sarsaparilla for nearly half a century and has no equal.

"Sometime ago I found my system entirely run down. I had a feeling of constant fatigue and languor and very little ambition for any kind of effort. A friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did with the best results. It has done me more good than all other medicines I have ever used."—Frank Mellows, Chelsea, Mass.

"I was all run down before I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and now I am gaining in strength every day."—Mrs. Alice West, Jefferson, W. Va.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for several years. When I feel weary and worn out, it always helps me."—A. Grommet, Kingsville, Johnson Co., Mo.

"I was long troubled with nervous debility and severe headaches. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I have been restored to health."—Anthony Louis, 55 Tremont st., Charlestown, Mass.

"As a safe and reliable spring and family medicine, I think

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It gives perfect satisfaction."—Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth ave., N. Y.

Price $1; six bottles $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Are always trying seasons to most constitutions, and unless the blood is purified and enriched, one becomes exposed to a variety of maladies. To make good blood, nothing is so effectual as **Ayer's Sarsaparilla,** the most celebrated tonic alterative in existence. Try it.

"I have found great relief from general debility in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood."—H. D. Johnson, Jr., 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a well-deserved reputation in this locality for restoring to healthy, vigorous action the vital organs when they have become weakened or exhausted. I have used it in my family for this purpose, especially after the system has become depleted from malarial attacks. I have advised its use among my neighbors in similar cases, and it has always proved invaluable."—C. C. Hamilton, Emberson, Tex.

"As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Wm. R. Ferree, 1 Chatham st., Boston, Mass.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PRESIDENTS AT SCHOOL.

The Manner in Which Our Chief Executives Were Educated.

Washington's early education extended only to the elementary English branches and the higher mathematics, of which he was very fond. He was not especially studious, says the New York *World*, but excelled in feats of agility and strength, and was fond of military exercises. He followed the calling of a surveyor from 16 until 19, when he entered the military service.

John Adams enjoyed the best facilities of his day for education, graduating from Harvard college at 19. He then engaged in teaching and at the same time studied law. He was admitted to the bar at 23, and his success was made certain by the signal ability which he displayed.

Thomas Jefferson entered an elementary school at 5 years of age, and began the study of Latin, Greek and French at 9. At 17 he left William and Mary college, where he remained two years only. After leaving college he studied law and was admitted to the bar at 24.

James Madison's early life was a constant struggle with ill health, which seriously interfered with his desire to gain an education. He nevertheless graduated from Princeton college at 21, after which he studied law. He was devoted to mental improvement, was a thorough Bible student, and of a religious turn of mind.

James Monroe entered William and Mary college at 16, but left it at 18 to join the Continental army, where he soon rose to the rank of colonel. Leaving the army, he studied law, was elected to the legislature when only 23 years of age.

John Quincy Adams's education was conducted in good measure abroad during his father's residence in Paris, Leyden, Amsterdam, and other European cities. At 14 he was private secretary to the United States minister to Russia. Returning to Europe he graduated from Harvard College at 21, then studied law and practiced it in Boston.

Andrew Jackson studied literature and the dead languages at Waxhaw academy. At 18 he abandoned the idea of entering the ministry, for which he was intended by his mother, and studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1787, and chosen representative to congress at 29.

Martin Van Buren received a good academic education, and early showed great mental vigor and quickness of comprehension. He was especially fond of composition and public speaking. He began the study of law at 14 and was admitted to the bar at 21.

William Henry Harrison was educated at Hampden Sidney college and afterward began the study of medicine. He was diverted from this to join the army, serving against the savages on the western frontier.

John Tyler was a brilliant student and graduated at William and Mary college at 17 with the reputation of having delivered the best commencement oration ever heard by the faculty. He then read law, and began to practice it at 19, meeting with unusual success.

James K. Polk, though reared on a backwoods farm, at an early age manifested decided literary taste. His father wanted him for a merchant, but finally consented to his entering the University of North Carolina, from which he graduated with the highest honors at 23. He then studied law and began practice at Columbia.

Zachary Taylor's boyhood was spent in a wilderness, surrounded by hostile Indians, and with decidedly limited educational advantages. He early entered the army, and was commissioned as lieutenant at 24.

Millard Fillmore's father was a poor farmer, unable to educate him. At 14 he was apprenticed to a clothier, but found time to gratify his thirst for knowledge by spending his evenings in reading and study. His studious habits attracted the attention of a neighboring lawyer, who assisted him to study law and general literature. At 23 he was admitted to the bar, and rose rapidly to distinction.

Franklin Pierce graduated at Bowdoin college at 16, being a classmate of Hawthorne. He was a tolerable scholar only. After leaving college he studied law, and was soon admitted to the legislature.

James Buchanan graduated from Dickinson college at 18. He was a good student, but fell into bad company, and narrowly escaped expulsion. His tastes were for logic and metaphysics. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar at 21.

Abraham Lincoln had but little schooling, and that of the poorest quality. He gained most of his education by his own efforts, reading and studying during his spare moments. It was not until after serving as captain in the Black Hawk war, acting as government surveyor for several years, and serving one term in the legislature that he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of 25.

Andrew Johnson received no schooling, but was apprenticed to a tailor when he was 10 years of age. He was able to read a little, but did not learn to write and cipher until after his marriage, when he was taught by his wife. In spite of these disadvantages, he early served as mayor of Greenville, N. C., and at 27 was elected to a seat in the legislature.

Ulysses S. Grant graduated from the military academy at West Point at 21 years of age, ranking twenty-first in a class of twenty-nine. He never displayed any brilliancy of intellect, but was gifted in a high degree with the genius of accomplishment.

Rutherford B. Hayes was educated in the common schools, in an academy at Norwalk, O., a preparatory school at Middletown, Conn., and at Kenyon college, which he entered at 16. He excelled in logic, mental and moral philosophy, mathematics, and debating. He was assigned the valedictory in graduating. He entered the law school at Harvard and was graduated and admitted to the bar in 1845 at 23 years of age.

James A. Garfield was educated in the common schools of the Western Reserve, at Geauga academy and Hiram Eclectic institute in Ohio, and at Williams college, from which he graduated at the age of 25. He taught school before and during his attendance at college, and after his graduation became principal of the school at Hiram. He often preached from the Disciples' pulpits and lectured on various subjects. He was elected to the state Senate at 29. During his legislative career he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at 30.

Chester Alan Arthur was fitted for college by his father. He entered Union college at 15, and took "maximum honors" every year. During the winters he earned money to help support himself by teaching school. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar at 23 years of age.

Grover Cleveland was educated at a preparatory school, with the intention of entering college, but this plan was rendered impossible by the death of his father. He then studied law at Buffalo, and was admitted to the bar at 22.

Of the 22 presidents, eleven received collegiate education, although not all took the complete course. All but five of the whole number were lawyers. Ten were soldiers at some portions of their lives, and the majority of these gained the reputation which made them presidents very largely by their military successes.

SULKY HORSES.

Queer Kinks Taken by Fastidious Racers.

Talking of Elkwood's dislike for a heavy track reminds us that horses generally have whims such as the general public, who only see horses on race days, would hardly believe. Many great race horses cannot race in mud, but Elkwood's case is as much whim as inability. If he feels the ground wet he will not try. He sulked deliberately in the race for the Monmouth cup last season, when a little shower just penetrated the ground for one or two inches. The famous gelding Parole was full of odd notions. If on the day of a race he missed his pail he knew a race was coming and would fret himself into a lather, until Matt Byrnes learned to trick him by leaving the pail in his box.

Years ago Mr. Jerome had a good horse called Gen. Yorke, by Planet, who would savage his best friend, but would never touch a man whose breath smelled of whisky. And, bad as he was, his negro groom, who often used to "revel o'nights" and get locked out, used to stager into Yorke's box and sleep unmolested. Every one has remarked Eurus's inclination to swerve into the rails at the finish of a race. In fact he has tried to jump them. The horse seems afraid of the rails. The same peculiarity was remarked 30 years ago of the renowned English horse Fisherman, who subsequently went to Australia. It was remarked that Fisherman would not go well next the rails, as he fancied from his long stride that he was getting shut in and would not try. Fisherman also had a whim about weather, and whether training or racing he could not be got to do his best under a sunny sky.—*Spirit of the Times.*

The Father Went at Night.

Father—"Bobby, are you too lame and tired to walk a mile and a half to the circus?"

Bobby—"No, indeed, father?"

Father—"Well, then, you will run out in the yard and run the lawn-mower until bed time. I've no circus money this year."—*Omaha World.*

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done

Over 25 Pounds Gain in 10 Weeks Experience of a prominent Citizen

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SSS

My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 3 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well and I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement.

JOHN DEHL,
Jan. 12, 1889. Peru, Ind.

POISONED BY A CALF.—My little boy broke out with sores and ulcers, the result of the saliva of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.

Feb. 15, '89. JOHN F. HAND, Auburn, Ala.

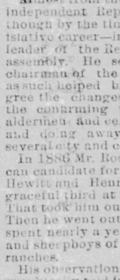
Send for books on Blood Poisons & Skin Diseases, free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

FANCIES IN VEILS.

SOME of the fancies this season, are unique. Of late the feminine fancy has been directed to the "muzzle veils," which are quite a feature of promenade dress. The less approbation the "muzzle veil" is likely to find during the warm season, when anything tied round under the chin is rather hot and stuffy. The same wear, the more likely is the plain straight veil to find favor among the fair sex. The addition of a bouquet often forms the only trimming of a hat. These veils are made of the lightest illusion tulle or figured Chantilly tulle, sometimes separately with a bordered edge, or they are cut from the piece. How to wear them is left to the owner's taste; some ladies love to drape both hat and face, by tying the ends in a huge bow on the crown, or twisting the same lightly round the neck, and then allowing them to fall in streamers almost to the hem of the skirt, whilst another time the ends are wound round the neck, brought forward, and fastened with a bunch of violets on the shoulder.

The effect of many costumes is chiefly dependent on the putting together of single features of the same, and in this respect the toilettes intended to be worn for a morning walk afford ladies of taste great choice. The dark cloth skirt in the illustration is very slightly draped, the jacket made of similar cloth a shade lighter opens over a Surah chemisette finished off with cloth trimming and a pointed belt. An open-work crimp goes round the edges of the jacket. The hat made of drawn black tulle trimmed with flowers corresponds with the simplicity of the costume. In cool weather our promenade belies veil their hats and faces with a square of flowered tulle, by tying two ends at the same time in front of the hat and the other two at the back of the neck. This style of veil is much more graceful than those generally worn last winter.



R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, editor of *Medical Tribune*, author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," speaking with reference to Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease, with most satisfactory results. * * * I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." If you are gradually losing your strength, have extreme pallor of face, puffiness under the eyes, persistent swelling of the joints, nidomen and legs, unaccountable, sharp pain in the heart, short and difficult breath, begin taking Warner's Safe Cure without delay.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Career of one of New York's Politicians.

Theodore Roosevelt is one of the best known of the younger generation of New York politicians. He is 31 years old, and comes of good old Dutch stock. Along with his blue blood, he inherited an ample fortune. He was educated at Harvard, and afterward graduated from Columbia law school.

He first went into the legislature in 1882, at that time a green-looking stripling of 24, with a struggling mustache, and a shirt collar that vied in size, if not in shape, with Gen. Spinola's famous back stop. He was called a dude when the term was first started, but soon showed at Albany that he had a great deal of force of character and legislative ability.

Almost from the first he came out as an independent Republican and a reformer, though by the time he had finished his legislative career—in 1886—he was the real leader of the Republican machine in the assembly. He served for two years as chairman of the committee on cities, and as such helped bring about in a large degree the changes in the city government, the confirming power from the board of aldermen and centered it on the mayor, and doing away with the fee system in several city and county offices.

In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt was the Republican candidate for mayor against Abram S. Hewitt and Henry George, coming in a graceful third at the end of the campaign. That took him out of politics for a time. Then he went out into the north

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889.

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THE DESPERATION OF THE RUM POWER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Among the anti-prohibition literature sent us from Pennsylvania is the following clipping, which a friend at Glenburn, Pa., asks us to "answer:"

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 14.—Collector Webster, of the Dubuque district, in a letter to B. F. Wright, "father of the late prohibition amendment," gives the results of the attempts to enforce prohibition in the 49 counties of Northern Iowa constituting his district. Under the Iowa law, a government license is *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and false names are resorted to; yet Mr. Webster says: "There is not a county in this district nor a town of 500 inhabitants or over for which retail liquor dealers' stamps have not been issued, and in every county the number of tax stamps sold, when taken together with the number of 'bootleggers' convicted, indicates an increase in the number of dealers as compared with the number in existence before the prohibitory law took effect."

The trouble with the above is simply that it is a half-truth. It tells one-half the story, and omits the other half. The suppressed or omitted portion is this: First, liquors of various kinds are sold for medical use by druggists, because they are prescribed by physicians. Every druggist who does this of course has to take out an internal revenue license. This accounts for part of the matter. Second, the following extract from a letter to THE BLADE from W. H. SMITH, of Marysville, Kan., explains the *modus operandi* of those who try to evade the state law there, and the same thing is as true of Iowa as it is of Kansas:

> No man laying any claim to respectability or responsibility attempts to deal in the stuff. The liquor dealers are men who are not known in the communities where the business is done. They operate under fictitious names, and are generally ex-convicts or broken-down gamblers, who are willing to take desperate chances to raise a stake.
>
> When one of them strikes a town, he makes the acquaintance of two or three men suitable for his purpose, secures a back room or cellar in some back alley, opens his stock, uses his aqua ammonias for cappers or pimps to notify the thirsty, and occasionally succeeds for a few days in driving a profitable business; but as soon as it becomes apparent that he is attracting attention he skips.
>
> These fellows have a wholesome fear of Uncle Sam. They never open up without first buying a special tax stamp, and every time they change their location they have to buy a new stamp. The stamp used in one town will not do to use in another. The average life of one place more than two weeks. They move at least 24 times each year, and change their own names and buy a new stamp every time they move.
>
> This explains why the number of special tax stamps sold appears to be large. Take the whole number of stamps sold and from that number deduct the number of druggists who are doing a legitimate business, and divide the remainder by 24, and you will find about the exact number of villains who are attempting to sell whisky in Kansas in violation of law.

We think that when these facts are taken into account, the matter will be clear to our correspondent. The saloon is abolished. The constant temptation to drink is taken away. The men who drink are those who can not keep from it. They are men on whom the Rum thirst has become fixed. They are not men of standing and repute among their neighbors. They are of the same class as those who make up the saloon loafers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. No man who is not the slave of Rum will sneak around in holes and corners to drink the most villainous kind of whisky in secret. The "bootleggers" and other violators of the Prohibitory law would have no customers were it not for this class of people. When they die out, and fill drunkard's graves, there will be so little demand for body-rot that their occupation will be no longer profitable. The generation that is growing up knows nothing saloons, and has not the taste for liquor. A confirmed drinker is a hopeless case. He can not, as a rule, be reformed; and he is hardly worth it.

We have received from friends in various parts of the state copies of the Philadelphia *Press*, with one whole page devoted to a denunciation of Prohibition. Apparently these have been largely used as campaign documents. A careful inspection of the page shows that it is a sort of a shotgun charge, a multiplicity of small shot, intended to cover the whole field through its quantity, rather than the weight of each individual shot. It starts with two columns of so-called "objections" to the incorporation of Prohibition in the state constitution; then follow nearly three columns on the alleged "failure of Prohibition" in states where it is in force. Next come a couple of columns of individual opinions against Prohibition; and the paper closes with a frenzied appeal to farmers to vote down the amendment on the ground that it will interfere with their sale of cider! There is much that is false, much that is of no moment, in this page of Rum literature. We will briefly note the more salient points.

First, there is no valid reason why Prohibition shall not be incorporated in a state constitution, instead of being made simply statutory. The arguments adduced are valueless, only intended to cover the real reason—that of Prohibition is made a matter of mere legislation, the Rum Power can the better oppose it by interfering corruptly in elections, thus preventing the election of men pledged to Prohibition—and that the door will be left open for bribery and other methods of preventing the passage of Prohibitory laws. With Prohibition in the constitution, the legislature is compelled to enact laws to carry out the provision, and the members can not evade that duty. The two-column screed on this subject is merely to confuse honest voters. If Prohibition is a good thing, there is not one valid reason why it shall not be made part of the state constitution.

The next point attempted to be made by the *Times* is that "Prohibition is a failure." It is too late in the day for this argument. It is ten years behind the times. The evidence that Prohibition measures succeed as well as any other restrictive laws is absolutely overwhelming in the cases of Iowa and Kansas. The state officials, judges of the courts, and leading citizens all bear testimony to this effect. Late issues of THE BLADE have given column after column of this evidence, signed with the names of the persons belonging to the classes named above. The assertions to the contrary that are paraded by the Rum Power and its debased advocates give no names, no authority, for their statements. Which is the more worthy of belief—a statement over the signatures of the governor of a state, state officers, leading members of the highest courts, and numerous prominent citizens, or a nameless assertion to the contrary?

Again: a great portion of the *Times* statement is taken up with statistics—but *none of them are recent*. The latest figures are nine years ago. Now it is a fact that public sentiment in favor of temperance and against Rum and the saloon has undergone a tremendous revolution within the past few years. The tone of popular feeling has entirely changed. Figures running for 1870 to 1879, to show arrests for violation of liquor legislation, etc., in Massachusetts, are not of the slightest value now. They have no bearing whatever upon Pennsylvania or upon the campaign now going on. There is absolutely nothing in these three columns of labored opposition which proves anything to any honest, truth-seeking man.

As to the two columns of personal opinions of clergymen, lawyers, and others, against Prohibition, there are but two or three names of persons of any celebrity; and the opinions expressed by them are against the advisability of putting Prohibition in the constitution! It would be very little trouble to fill a page with the names of the best men in the nation in favor of Prohibition—names each of which would outweigh any dozen of those displayed in the two columns referred to. And the final effort, to alarm farmers on account of their cider crop, has nothing whatever to do with the question before the people. That is simply, whether the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall be prohibited in Pennsylvania. The amendment does not specify what are to be considered intoxicating liquors. If the amendment shall be adopted, the legislature will have that matter to decide. It has no part in the present discussion.

The Rum campaign in Pennsylvania is notably weak in the arguments it uses. In point of fact, the argument on the other side is overwhelming. It can not be met; hence the Rum power resorts to a sort of guerrilla warfare, so far as the public discussion of the matter is concerned. All it can hope to do is to throw dust in the eyes of the voters; and the page of the Philadelphia *Times*, referred to above, is simply that sort of thing. There is nothing solid or argumentative about it. In point of fact, the use of money to buy voters in the cities is the sheet anchor of the anti-Prohibitionists. The saloon men, the brewers, the wholesale liquor-dealers, are pouring out money like water, to be used in corrupting voters and thus defeating the amendment.

There are certain facts, established to the satisfaction of every fair-minded man, regarding Prohibition. The first of these is that Prohibitory legislation is as effective in stopping the Rum traffic as the laws against thievery are effective against stealing, as the laws against gambling, as the laws against vile resorts. These laws are violated, but it does not follow that they shall be repealed because there are men so degraded, or so brutish, or so villainous, as to violate them. No law can change human nature so that it will refrain from evil. The laws above named, and others like them, are framed because theft, and gambling, and prostitution, are against public policy. The Rum traffic and the saloon are as detrimental to the public welfare as either of the three things named. It is proposed to put it under the ban of the law, the same as are they, and for the same reason. The law against Rum-selling can be enforced just as thoroughly as the law against anything else that is against the welfare of the people.

Second, the vast sums that are spent yearly for Rum will be spent for other things; but they will be things that will benefit the buyer and his family, not something that ruins the one and reduces the other to poverty. The tax of $80,000,000 that is voluntarily paid by foolish and weak men in Pennsylvania every year to the Rum Power would go into the tills of dealers in all legitimate lines; and the permanent boom that would thus be given would give employment to many more men, and in all ways inure to the benefit of the state and its people.

Third, there is no possible ground for the monstrous assumption that Prohibition injures business, depreciates property values, or is in any way inimical to the prosperity of a town, or county, or state. No Rum advocate who glibly mouths these assertions can offer one iota of proof to sustain them. In fact, the exact reverse is the case. Men who squander money for Rum are not profitable patrons of the merchant, the grocer, the shoemaker, the clothing man, or any other dealer in legitimate lines. Strike down the saloon, the greatest enemy of honest dealers, and the money that formerly went to it will come to the business men of the town. Prohibition promotes business of every kind, except whisky-selling. That property does not depreciate, but increases in value, is plain from the result in Iowa and Kansas, as has been amply shown in THE BLADE of recent issues. Public morality is conserved, the people are happier and better off, and in all ways the condition of affairs is improved by the abolition of the saloon and the destruction of the liquor traffic. The people of Pennsylvania could do nothing that would more greatly promote their moral and material interests than, by the adoption of Prohibition on June 18, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* is emphatically in favor of the spoils system. It declares civil service reform to be "the most monstrous fraud ever perpetrated on the people," and demands a declaration against it in the national Democratic platform of 1892. Unfortunately it contents itself with assertion, which proves nothing, and does not attempt to show wherein the "fraud on the people" lies, in the principle of appointing men to office on the basis of fitness and capacity rather than dirty political service.

BALLOT REFORM is spreading in the Union, although Governor HILL, of New York, has vetoed the Saxton bill. Of course nothing else was to have been expected, as the measure would have cut off the opportunities for fraud in New York City, and thus imperiled Democratic rule in that stronghold of political scoundrelism. But DAVID B. HILL cannot continue as governor of New York forever, and his successor, it is to be hoped, will be a man who will accede to the demand of the people for honest elections.

"THAT public opinion is amply strong enough to prevent any but men of the very first rank in our citizenship from aspiring to be Court-house commissioners is abundantly certain," says the Toronto *Mail*. Either human nature is different in Canada than this side of the line, or else the *Mail* takes a remarkably hopeful view of things.

THE great strike in Germany is a most serious one, some 90,000 men being engaged. There are indications, too, that it will extend much farther; and as the strikers are aided by funds from other countries, it is no wonder that the Emperor is giving personal attention to the matter.

IF the New York mugwumps had any regard for consistency, they would drop the matter of remodeling national politics and devote their energies to a reform of the home article. New York city is the home of the most disreputable political methods and policies in the United States.

THE appointment of JOHN JARRETT as consul to Birmingham is a most fitting one. Representing, as he does, the metal workers of the country, his election to represent this country in the metal center of the world is both wise and right.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE is dead, but the impetus which his efforts gave the cause of ballot reform will live after him and form his best monument.

ONLY fifteen per cent of the inhabitants of Paraguay can read and write. What an opening for a Democratic politician!

WHO SHALL RULE THE SOUTH?

There is one point not clearly understood in all parts of the Union outside of the South regarding the "Southern question." It is clearly brought out by the recent outrage at Lafayette, Louisiana. It has always been claimed that the unlawful suppression of the colored vote has been to prevent the rule of an "ignorant and incapable" race, and that this oppression was rendered "necessary" in order to avoid wasteful expenditure and oppressive taxation. The occurrence at Lafayette shows, however, that this excuse is not true. To make the point clear to our readers, we will recapitulate what happened at that town.

A municipal election was in progress in Lafayette. The whites have a good majority in the town. "Negro domination" was impossible, evidently. There does not seem to have been any Republican ticket in the field. There were two candidates for mayor, both Democrats. The majority of the negroes seem to have had a liking for one of these Democratic gentlemen, and were throwing their votes for him. A band of 400 armed men, from the surrounding country—not citizens of Lafayette, and hence not voters at that election—came into that place, and prevented the negroes from voting.

Hence it is clear that the issue was not "negro supremacy," but a denial of the right of suffrage to the colored man. It was a practical assertion of a dogma that "this is a white man's government," which should have died when its accursed parent, negro slavery, died in the throes of civil war. The incident at Lafayette is of use in showing the real purpose of the Southern Democrats. They are true Bourbons—for they learn nothing, and forget none of the prejudices of the old order of things under slavery. It is not negro supremacy that they opposed, nor even Republican supremacy. It was a simple denial of a constitutional right to citizens because their color happens to be black instead of white.

It shows, too, that the war did not settle the negro question. The Southern mind is in a hopeless muddle of bigotry and prejudice regarding the colored man. He is looked upon as inferior in all respects, and the desire is really to deprive him of all rights. To be ruled by a negro official, to receive letters at the hands of a negro postmaster, is looked upon as an insult to the "lordly Caucasian." The stupid idea still remains that to concede political and legal equality to the negro involves meeting him socially as an equal. Go where you will in the South, and discuss the matter with an average Southern white man, and his crushing rejoinder is, "Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" This is accompanied with a smile of triumph, and an air of having conclusively settled the discussion. It is useless to attempt to show the absolute absurdity of the reply to him. Prejudice is too deeply rooted in him to allow him to be just.

The "Southern question" of to-day is as grave as it has ever been in our history. The present phase of it is unfairly stated, says Judge TOURGEE, in his article in the April *Forum*, by the Southern whites in the question, "Shall black majorities rule?" It is rather, he says most truly, "Shall white minorities rule?" and the Southern Bourbons are attempting to enforce an affirmative answer. It is simply an effort to deny the rights of the negro under the amendments to the federal constitution. This is a government by the majority. The attempt of a minority to govern, on a race issue or any other, is simply monstrous. It is one that can not be entertained for a moment. The arguments in favor of this proposition, that the white minority shall rule in the South, are the same in kind as those used in favor of slavery, of the slave trade, of nullification, of secession, of rebellion, of Ku Kluxism. They are all based on the unwillingness of a certain class of whites to submit to the forms of the constitution and bow to the will of the majority when they themselves do not constitute the controlling power of the majority. It is the same Middle Age autocratic spirit of caste, of assumed superiority.

The negroes, in the eyes of this arrogant class, are to be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" they are to be denied education and enlightenment; they are to be kept in a state of peonage at every risk; their daughters are to be the victims of the lust of the white autocrats—for it is a fact that the illicit relation of the white man with the colored woman is not specifically prohibited in any Southern state, says Judge TOURGEE, in the article referred to above. The negro may worship GOD, but not in the same edifice, nor may colored ministrants serve at at a white altar. The very spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the fundamental doctrines of American institutions—the equality of all men, white or colored, before the law, the absolute equality of political rights, the rule of the majority—are all denied by these Southern Bourbons.

The Lafayette outrage shows the hollowness of the pretense that the Southern whites will divide politically when the negroes divide. The latter were divided at that election. They were voting the Democratic ticket. Then came out the real nature of the white Bourbons' objection. It was to the negro exercising his right as a citizen, not the ticket he voted.

The state of things that exist in the South is one of extreme danger; and that danger is the greater the longer the present status continues. The negroes are increasing faster than the whites. The day is speedily coming when the bull-headed Bourbons will be wakened to a knowledge of the fact that the question is no longer "what will we allow the negro to do?" but, "what will the negro allow us to do?" The minority must yield to the right of the majority, or the latter will overwhelm it. The explosion is as certain to come as is the sun to rise in the east to-morrow morning. When it will come, no man can say. The only way to avoid it is to do simple justice to the negro. If he is too ignorant, educate him; allow him the rights to which he is entitled. Be his leader, his friend; not his enemy, his oppressor. The question is not one of sentiment, but of simple right. The minority must yield to the majority—peacefully, if it is wise; forcibly, if it persists in its Bourbon stupidity.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

WASHINGTON seems to have been decidedly of the opinion that the federal offices should be filled by men of his own political belief. In a letter written by him to TIMOTHY PICKERING, secretary of War, on September 27, 1795—during his second term of office—Washington said:

> I shall not, whilst I have the honor to administer the government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly, whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the general government are pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be political suicide.

IN his recent speech at Columbia, Tenn., Pensions Commissioner TANNER expressed a sentiment that can be endorsed by every veteran of the late war, as follows:

> The man who stood before me on the other side and gave me in relation to him what he had in relation to myself—the chance of life for life—stands 1,000 degrees higher in my estimation than the snapping, snarling and yelping curs and whelps who did not have courage enough to be soldiers in the time of war, and who cannot turn their foul tongues to anything venomous enough to say of veterans in time of peace.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN CINCINNATI.

There is trouble among the saloon men of Cincinnati over the Sunday-closing law. For years they have defied it with impunity, with the result that the city has practically abolished Sunday as a day of rest, and turned it into a day of revelry and drunkenness. On Wednesday morning, in the Police court, a bolt fell upon the violators of law like lightning out of a clear sky. Judge ERMSTON has but lately taken his seat on the bench of that court, but so far has done nothing regarding Sunday closing of saloons. A saloon-keeper was up on a charge of giving a concert without license on Sunday. The evidence was of such a nature that he was discharged. Judge ERMSTON turned to the officer, Lieutenant RAKEL, and inquired:

"This was on a Sunday, you say, lieutenant?"
"Yes, sir," replied Rakel.
"Why didn't you arrest Mr. Krippner for violating the Owens law, officer? Don't you know that it is a crime to keep open a saloon on Sunday?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then, sir, why did you not arrest him on that charge?"
"I had no orders from my superior officers to do so," replied the lieutenant.
"And do you require orders to arrest a man for violating a statute of the state of Ohio?"
The lieutenant wisely kept silent.
"Let me read you the statute, lieutenant," continued the court, taking up a volume from his desk. And the statute referring to the powers of police officers, marshal, constable, etc., to arrest on sight any one violating a law of the state of Ohio was carefully read to Lieut. Rakel.
"Now let me tell you, lieutenant," said the court, after reading the statute, "that you do not require orders from a superior officer to enforce these laws. Your duty is to enforce them without orders. These laws, sir, are superior to your superior officer."
Lieut. Rakel still continued silent. Col. Deitsch was an interested listener to the above proceedings.
After reading the riot act to the lieutenant, Judge Ermston turned to the prosecutor and said:
"Mr. Corcoran, we have about seven hundred cases upon the continued docket which have been left to us by our predecessors. Now I wish you to co-operate with Col. Deitsch in selecting two or three of these cases to try immediately. Select those which you consider the strongest cases and we will place them on the docket next week. I have no doubt that Chief Deitsch will assist you to the best of his ability in picking out the best cases."
The superintendent of police stated that he would render all assistance possible.
"Will you want a struck jury in these cases, Mr. Prosecutor?" asked the court; "if you do, I wish you to look up the law with regard to such juries."
"I have already examined the law," returned the prosecutor, "and in my opinion, I have the right to demand such a jury. This demand I shall certainly make."

All of which means that Judge ERMSTON proposes in earnest to see which is supreme in Cincinnati—the authority of the state of Ohio, or the will of the saloon element. It is clear that he proposes using every legal means of enforcing the law. The cases will be tried by a struck jury; and a struck jury is what the saloon men most object to. And the judge's remarks to the lieutenant is virtually a command to the police force to enforce the state law, and to arrest violators on the spot, without waiting till Monday morning to procure warrants. Mayor MOSBY, however, seems to be the creature of the saloons, and a part of the trouble which is impending may be a row between the executive head of the city and the police court. Let it go on. Agitation is what is needed. The sluggish conscience of the people of Cincinnati may at last be roused by it, and the defiance and nullification of law be brought to an end, even in that city, by the strength of public opinion.

IT seems probable that there will be an expose of star route frauds of great magnitude occurring under the Cleveland dispensation. It is said that Second Assistant Postmaster General WHITFIELD, soon after his appointment, began overhauling the mail-carrying contracts that were made by his predecessor, and he claims to have discovered some gigantic frauds in star route contracts that were to take effect July 1, involving upward of $150,000, and which have been hung up, pending an investigation by the Attorney General. The chief clerk of the Attorney General's office is at work upon them now, and as soon as he finishes his investigation the facts will be made public.

THE mugwump papers are compelled to recognize the excellence of President HARRISON'S appointments on the Civil Service commission. The New York *Post* says: "In fact, the commission, as now constituted, is the best we ever had." The New York *Times* says, "The appointments could hardly be better," and the Springfield *Republican* adds that "the President has done well for the country, his party and the cause of civil service reform."

"GATH," in a recent letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, expresses the belief that CLEVELAND, in his centennial speech, had the mugwumps in his mind when he said:

> Ill-natured complaints of popular incompetency and self-righteous assertions of superiority over the body of the people are impotent and useless.

Shouldn't wonder if it were the mugwumps he meant, as the remark fits them like a glove. But wasn't it rather ungrateful in Mr. CLEVELAND to attack the men who made him President?

NEW YORK is going to try an interesting experiment next month. The new method of killing criminals is to be put to a practical test. So far as electricity, as a means of death, is concerned there is nothing especially new. That has been tried before with eminently satisfactory results. The conundrum is: Can the authorities keep the papers from publishing accounts of the affair?

THE great war debt of the country is gradually vanishing. There are only $900,000,000 of bonds outstanding, and even at the present rate of absorption by purchase they will all be paid in less than nine years. Let us hope that no change in our financial policy will be made by which any portion of our bonded debt may be perpetuated.

THE Australian ballot system has now been adopted by law, in some form, in eight states, in the following order as regards the date of the law: Massachusetts, Indiana, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Minnesota and Missouri.

IN the pockets of a Philadelphia suicide was found an annual railway pass for the current year. There are a great many people in this country who will never be able to understand the motive for suicide in a man who can travel free on a railway.

THERE is something radically wrong in the United States army. Otherwise there would not have been the enormous total of 40,800 desertions since 1873, of whom only about 8,000 have been captured. The subject should receive more attention than has hitherto been given it.

THE recent count of money in the New York sub-treasury revealed a shortage of $35 out of a total sum of $84,000,000. The shortage resulted from the acceptance of a few counterfeit notes, and the loss of several small pieces of silver.

THE men whose mouths are filled most constantly with denunciations of "plutocrats" and the "money power" are generally fellows with a consuming desire for wealth but without the talent to accumulate it.

THE English syndicate is going right on buying up American breweries. If it would take them all over to England, no one in this country would have any reason to find fault with its actions.

LAST year there were 750,000 free trade documents scattered broadcast in Massachusetts—two to each voter. The election gave 32,000 majority against the free trade Democracy.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD goes to England this month. Canada will feel like an orphan with its guardian gone fishing, with SIR JOHN away.

THE UNITED BRETHREN SPLIT.

There is a schism in the United Brethren church, growing out of the adoption, by the board of bishops of the whole church, of a new church constitution and an amended confession of faith. The main point in this new constitution is that it does not prohibit members of that church from joining secret societies, which the old constitution of 1841 did not allow. At the world's quadrennial conference of the church, now in session at York, Pa., the report of the bishops was presented on May 13, declaring the adoption of the new constitution and confession of faith, as henceforth "the fundamental belief and organic law of the church."

This caused a split at once. The minority in the conference who are opposed to allowing church members to belong to secret societies, and who cling to the old constitution of 1841, superseded by the above action, left the hall and organized at the Park Opera-house, under the lead of Bishop WRIGHT, who was the head of the minority in the board of bishops. The following resolution was presented and passed in the new organization:

> Inasmuch as 110 delegates and members of the general conference, on May 11, 1889, voted to adopt a new constitution and confession of faith; and that on the 13th day of May, through the presiding bishops, declared the same in force, thereby framing a new church;
>
> We, therefore, declare that they have truly vacated their seats as members of the general conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ of 1889, and that the alternates present from the respective conferences are each entitled to seats in this body, upon presentation of proper evidence that they are duly elected alternates.

The minority thus profess to have read the majority out of the church—another instance of the tail wagging the dog. The upshot will be a general split in the congregations—some remaining with the majority under the new constitution, some joining the minority and adhering to the old. Another sect is created, and all about matters which are absolutely non-essentials to Christianity. The struggle is one of narrow conservatism against a broader and more liberal policy, and is to be deplored by every true Christian. When will the churches learn to dispense with old inquisitorial methods, suited to the dark ages, and leave non-essentials to the consciences of their members? All the evils that have come in the history of Christianity, have resulted from the churches endeavoring to be the keepers of the consciences of the people, instead of their instructors in the way of life.

WHAT FISK REALLY MEANS.

There has been a good deal of talk in some of the papers concerning the attitude of Gen. CLINTON B. FISK, of New Jersey, the third party candidate for the Presidency last year, toward the liquor question in his own state. Probably his position is best shown in the following letter, written by him to WM. J. LEONARD, editor of the *Times*, Plainfield, N. J.:

> The general statement passing through the press that I have deserted the Prohibition party of course is not correct; but that I am willing to enter into any Combination with good men of New Jersey, for the utter overthrow of the whisky oligarchy lately sitting at Trenton, and called the legislature, is very true. I am willing to do anything that shall produce the best possible results. I believe that our Prohibitionists and all good temperance people should profit by the wisdom of experience and do that which shall secure for us such legislation as shall hasten the good time coming when the saloon must go.
>
> It is a pity that Gen. FISK could not have assumed that attitude as regards the state campaign in New Jersey last summer. The election of third-party members of the state legislature was an utter impossibility, and Gen. FISK knew it. But third-party candidates were placed in nomination, with the result that the small number of votes they drew off from the Republican candidates—who were pledged to sustain the local option law which had already given Prohibition to the greater portion of the state—was sufficient to cause the election of the Democratic candidates, who were pledged to the repeal of that law, and completely under the domination of the whisky men.
>
> We cordially commend the position Gen. FISK takes regarding the New Jersey struggle. We understand his position to be that he is willing to work with any party in the election of members of the legislature who are opposed to free whisky, and to the rule of the Rum Power in that body. If his words do not mean that, we cannot understand what they do mean. The third-party organs have made a terrible tow-row over statements published in the East as to Gen. FISK'S having "abandoned the third-party." The letter, from which the above is an extract, has been written since those statements were made; and it certainly means that while he is not willing to abandon the third-party movement in its entirety, he is willing to do so in the struggle to elect an anti-whisky legislature in New Jersey.

A LIAR CAUGHT.

A fine instance of the way in which false testimony is given in Pennsylvania as to the workings of Prohibition in Kansas is given in the extract below, taken from the Topeka, Kansas, *Journal*, of May 13:

> A party by the name of W. P. Tomlinson, who has been travelling over the East slandering Kansas and Topeka, and declaring that Topeka was infested with joints and that the prohibitory law was a failure, was brought before County Attorney Welch Saturday, and being put on oath, admitted that he knows of no open saloon in Topeka or Shawnee county; that he does not know of the existence of an open saloon here within the past two years; that he does not know of any secret place in Shawnee county where intoxicating liquor can be bought by the drink or by the quantity, half pint or upwards; that he does not know of any drug store here where intoxicating liquors are sold contrary to law; and that he does not know of any violators of the prohibitory law in Topeka.
>
> This is all sworn testimony taken by County Attorney Welch from Tomlinson, in obedience to a subpœna issued by the county attorney, summoning Tomlinson before him, and is all on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of Shawnee county. There is nothing particularly strange about this either. Some people appear to like to stultify themselves or to put themselves in such a position that they can not do otherwise when they are compelled by law to make an honest statement. Comment is unnecessary.

THE new license law in Philadelphia has reduced the number of saloons from 5,773 to 1,203. In other words, the last named number will have to accommodate the trade formerly supplied by the first. There will be just as much whiskey drank, but fewer people will sell it. There may be some moral benefit from such a change, but it is difficult to see with the naked eye. The best thing JOHN SHERMAN ever said was that "the way to resume is to resume," and the only way to prohibit liquor selling is to prohibit it. License laws may regulate, and are far better than nothing, but inasmuch as they are based on the presumption that liquor is going to be sold, they are intended to protect and not prohibit that sale.

THE celebrated Myra Clark Gaines case has been finally settled by the United States Supreme court, which decided that the city of New Orleans shall pay to the executors of Mrs. GAINES the sum of $576,000. The first suit was filed more than half a century ago, and the case has been in the courts in some form ever since. Mrs. GAINES sought to recover land unlawfully held by the city of New Orleans. She died several years ago, having spent her whole life fighting for her rights.

TALKING about the pension list, which is a matter of such intense concern to mugwumps and Bourbon Democrats, there are probably but few people aware that there are on the rolls 31,302 pensioners who draw only $2 a month each.

THE recent count of the money in the New York sub-treasury showed a shortage of $35 out of a total of $184,000,000. Still the Democrats are wasting lung power and brain tissue trying to find methods to reduce the surplus.

OUR NEW STORY.

It is a Success—Don't Fail to Read It From the Beginning.

Mrs. E. M. Davy's charming story, "Nellie's Marriage—Was It a Failure?" begun in last week's issue of THE BLADE, is certain, we think, to prove a great success with our readers. It is written in graceful, easy style, and is all the more interesting that it is related by the heroine herself. The peculiar chain of circumstances that involved the wedding is so novel, so unexpected, that the interest of the reader is maintained until the singular denouement. And the story has the merit, too, of being unexceptionable in its moral teaching. The lesson it inculcates is one of absolute trust and unshaken faith in the midst of the strongest circumstantial evidence—a lesson that, were it fully learned by every married couple, would give divorce courts far less to do.

Mrs. DAVY is one of the younger class of English novelists, but she is rapidly coming to the front through the brightness and freshness of her style, her skill in depicting life as it really is, and the entire avoidance of all objectionable themes of discussion, which, while they might please the prurient, would raise objection in the minds of the pure and upright. There is a wave of sloppy story-writing of the "fleshly" school inundating the literary world just at present, and it is a pleasure to find that here is an author who is free from its contamination. Mrs. DAVY is an English lady, and THE BLADE was the first periodical in the United States to give her an audience on this side of the Atlantic. We are glad to have been the means of introducing so vigorous and unhackneyed a story-writer to our patrons, and hope they will not fail to read the latest production of her versatile genius.

NO REMOVALS SAVE FOR CAUSE.

Postmaster General WANAMAKER has authoritatively announced that all Presidential postmasters will not be subject to removal, except for cause, during their four years' terms, dating from the time of their confirmation by the Senate. Removals will be made, he says, where the incumbent is shown to be inefficient; but he will not be removed simply to make place for a Republican. This is the stand the President has taken, and he has sent back to the Postoffice department the papers in a number of cases where he has been asked to remove Presidential postmasters whose commission do not expire for some months, where no charges were made, and the removals were asked for merely to secure Republican incumbents.

This ought to diminish the pressure of office-seekers on the White House for some time, for all Democrats who were appointed to Presidential postoffices during 1885 were not confirmed by the Senate until the latter portion of the next session—the dates of confirmation running from January to July, 1886. This carries their four-year terms, well into 1890, and their successors will not be nominated until their terms have almost, if not entirely, expired.

This is in accord with the civil service reform idea. If an incumbent does satisfactory work, let him serve out the term for which he was appointed. If President HARRISON adheres firmly to his position in this matter—and we have not the smallest doubt of his doing so—no future President will dare incur the odium of returning to the spoils doctrine of turning men out simply to make room for others of opposite politics. Let the political hacks grumble; the people believe in business methods in public office, and are heartily in favor, by a big majority, of abandoning the Jacksonian doctrine of office distribution.

THE TWO DAKOTAS.

On Monday, May 14, elections were held in North and South Dakota, in pursuance of the act of admission, which provided that the people of the two embryo states should elect delegates to constitutional conventions on that day. In South Dakota the people voted on adopting or rejecting the old Sioux Falls constitution. If it had been rejected a new constitution would have been framed at the convention to be held for that purpose. As it was, however, adopted, the delegates elected will meet in convention simply for the purpose of adopting such amendments relating to the boundaries of the new states as are required, and to fix the name of the state as South Dakota.

The two conventions will meet on July 4 next—that of North Dakota at Bismarck, that of South Dakota at Sioux Falls. The results of their labors will be submitted to the citizens of each at elections to be held on October 14 next. There will be, by that election, a formal ratification of the work of the constitutional convention of North Dakota, and an acceptance of the brief work left to the convention in South Dakota, owing to the adoption of the Sioux Falls constitution; and in each members of Congress will be chosen, state officers, and members of the state legislatures. When this is done, by proclamation of the President, the two Dakotas will be states of the Union in good standing.

CENSUS OFFICE APPOINTMENTS.

The probability seems to be that the civil service rules are not applicable to the census office. At least they are not applied at present, and those who have the appointing power have obtained a legal opinion which *prima facie* excludes the census office affirmatively from the operations of the civil service law. Appointments are now almost daily made to positions on the census office staff without the intervention of the machinery of the civil service commission.

There is evidently no intention on the part of the officials of the Interior department of asking for any more legal opinions on the subject or of opening the question. If the civil service commission decides to make claim to the appointment of the census clerks it will be necessary for the commission to affirmatively assert its claim. The Interior department has not referred the subject to the President, and it is not likely to do so. It will probably be necessary for the President to take the initiative in the matter, if any further or different action is desired.

EX-GOVERNOR LONG, of Massachusetts, in a recent lecture, pointed out the difficulties of Congressional legislation. Of the average of 10,000 bills introduced in each Congress, not one in 100 ever passes. He shows that the first great difficulty is in the persistent conflict between the two parties, and the second in the committee system. Every bill, on its introduction, is referred to its proper committee; and the power of the latter over it is absolute. Mr. LONG says that only three classes of bills can hope to be reported back to Congress with favorable recommendation, viz: those to which there is no objection; those to which no one dares to object, and those which have active friends on the important committees.

THE Democrats are talking of BRICE as Chairman BARNUM'S successor. Republicans certainly have no objections to offer.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them. Our orders are at least a month behind, and those whose orders are yet unfilled may have to wait that long before receiving their machines. We dislike delays, and hence beg that no further orders be sent until we announce our readiness to receive them.

Our repair department has necessarily been closed down for a number of weeks. We have on hand several machines not yet repaired; but we hope to be able, within the next month, to put them in order and return them to their owners in first-class condition. Meanwhile, we specially ask that no machines be sent to us for repairs till due announcement is made that we are ready to receive them.

PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT.

Of all false claims put forward to support a bad argument, the cry of the anti-prohibitionists that prohibition does not prohibit, is the most untenable. In fact it carries on its face its own condemnation; for did its proponents believe it, they would never offer the resistance they do to the passage of a law which they say would be of no avail when placed on the statute books. In common with other anti-prohibition papers, the Cleveland *Leader* is now attempting to prove that Prohibition does not prohibit in Iowa, and offers the report of the federal officers in that state, showing the number of United States liquor licenses taken out there in substantiation of its assertion. The argument is made that, because the law is broken in some instances it is broken in all; and the contention is, that inasmuch as there have been quite a number of arrests and convictions for selling whisky, that the law is not being enforced. As to the latter part of the *Leader's* position, its argument carries its own refutation with it, as the fact that arrests and convictions are of daily occurrence is the best evidence possible that the law is being enforced; and as to the former, if it is well taken, it could be just as well said that because men commit murder in spite of the law against it, that therefore the law forbidding the taking of life should be repealed. Murders are constantly being committed, although the law makes them a crime. But does any one argue that that is a reason for abolishing that law? On the other hand, it is the very reason for its existence. The criminal law which is useless is the one which no man has the desire or the temptation to break.

The fact is that the prohibitory law is, in the main, enforced in Iowa. Such is the testimony of all the state officials, from Governor LARRABEE down, and such is the knowledge of the writer of this article, who has a thorough acquaintance with the conditions of which he writes and testifies to things within his own personal experience. No one asserts that the law is enforced in the cities of Davenport, Dubuque, Clinton, Keokuk or Council Bluffs. The local sentiment there is so strongly against it that the city officials wink at its open violation. In Iowa City, Ottumwa, Marshalltown, and Muscatine, the law is evaded, but not openly. In this class of cities men who are willing to go out of their way to get whisky can do so, and there are a few saloons. But Des Moines, the largest city in the state, has not got an open saloon in it, and the only way to get liquor is to make a false affidavit at a drug store, or else take a room at a hotel and order it through the porter. There is no open selling, and the temptation to drink is not put in the way of those who have not already learned the habit. In cities of the class of West Liberty and Grinnell there is no whisky to be obtained at any price, and the same is true of all the villages not contained in the river counties. In fact, there is not the least doubt but that Governor LARRABEE understated the case when he said that the law was enforced in eighty-five out of the ninety-nine counties in the state. That there should be no violation of the law is not to be expected. There is not a law on the statute books that is not being constantly viol

IT DOES PROHIBIT.

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE RETURNS

Indicate the Vigilance of the Kansas State Officials, and Not the Number of Dealers—Interesting Correspondence.

THE BLADE is in receipt of the following correspondence, sent by Rev. H. D. Fisher, of Marysville, Kansas. The statement of Governor Humphrey, of that state, in reply to a request from THE BLADE, called out this letter of Mr. Hester, of Cleveland, to the Governor, who turned it over to Dr. Fisher for reply. The latter prefers to make his answer in the form of an open letter, which he sends to THE BLADE, accompanied by Mr. Hester's epistle, with a request to publish. Both are gladly given space, in the interest of truth and fairness:

Mr. Hester's Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., May 6, 1888.

Governor Humphrey:

DEAR SIR:—Having seen your communication to the Toledo BLADE in reference to the sale of liquor in your state, I take the liberty to call your attention to the following extract, taken from the Cleveland *Leader*:

A very clear idea of how prohibition does not prohibit may be derived from some internal revenue statistics recently published in regard to the liquor traffic in Kansas. The year 1881 was the last of the license system in that state, the prohibition law having gone into effect in 1882. Mr. Nelson F. Acres, United States collector of internal revenue, has recently made the following official statement of the tax stamps issued to liquor dealers under the law for the seven years indicated:

1881	1,894
1882	1,787
1883	2,180
1884	2,709
1885	2,773
1886	2,892
1887	2,997

These figures are authentic, and if any one doubts them they can be easily verified by addressing the Treasury department at Washington.

I would like to know the facts concerning the foregoing. Yours, etc.—GEO. HESTER, 236 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. Fisher's Reply—An Open Letter.

MARYSVILLE, Kan., May 17, 1889.

George Hester, Esq., Cleveland, O.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of May 6, addressed to Gov. Humphrey, of Kansas, is referred to me for answer. I have been State Agent of the Temperance work, and know whereof I write, having had occasion to meet and answer the same inquiry in Texas, Nebraska and Massachusetts.

First—Our population has increased nearly 700,000 since Prohibition began to be enforced. We might naturally think a large increase in internal revenue would occur; but this is not the answer.

We admit the increase in internal revenue. The reason, however, is because of the efficiency of the law, the vigilance of our officers and the wicked devices of the Rum-sellers. They fear federal law and federal officers more than they do the state law and state officers. Hence we have even "jointists" and "boot-leggers" are supplied with United States revenue stamps, for which they pay $25 per annum to the department.

Each stamp represents a whole year's sale, and is not transferable to any other person or any other place. The department makes no note as to what is done with the stamp. A man may burn, or use, or not use it, but the United States Internal Revenue department makes no reference to it in its reports. "He pays his money and takes his chances." If the state law destroys his license, he is the loser. The government has his $25.

For illustration: In Topeka, on the same block with the postoffice building, is what is known as "The Office block." In this block, immediately opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there was a drug store whose owner had a United States internal revenue stamp, and a Probate Judge's permit to sell for "medicinal, mechanical and scientific purposes." He violated the state law, and being about to be arrested, he fled the state.

Although he had only used his United States stamp five days, it became useless. His wife immediately sold a half interest to another party, who bought another United States stamp. In two days he was in jail. Thus, inside of *three weeks*, five United States stamps were decapitated. They represent, in the internal revenue returns, five men selling for a year each; but all five did not sell five weeks.

Again. When Judge John Guthrie ascended the bench of Shawnee county district, Topeka had over sixty saloons, besides a number of drug stores, all operating with United States stamps. In less than ten weeks, twenty-two saloonists were in jail and the rest fleeing from the clutches of the law. The sixty United States permits dropped to nine. The seven revenue reports, represent sixty men selling for a year each, when, in fact, they had not been in use three months, and some of them not three weeks. The government had $1,500 all the same, but selling under these stamps stopped.

In Ness county, nine druggists had United States stamps. Judge Nickleson found nine druggists violating the state law, and with one stroke of his pen he whacked the heads off the nine United States stamps, which represented nine years' selling, when in fact there were not nine months' selling.

So it is all over the state. One Mr. Blackman, a wholesale dealer, was closed out in Topeka. He started seventeen "drug-joints" in Western Kansas, each having an United States stamp, run by ex-saloonists. They did not run long until they were closed out; their United States licenses went dead.

You can see that the internal revenue receipts would not represent the volume of sales, but that they exhibit the efficiency of the law, the vigilance of the officers, and the ways that liquor sellers adopt to break down the temperance sentiment of the state and nation.

The arguments from the internal revenue report, when facts are understood, are all in favor of our Prohibitory law and its faithful enforcement.

We are "Pulverizing the Rum Power" to dust in Kansas, and soon the winds of Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa and Oklahoma will blow the remains of the demon into the gulf. So mote it be!

H. D. FISHER, D. D.,
Pastor of M. E. church, Marysville, Kan.

The Figures for 1888.

THE BLADE will add that the article and figures which Mr. Hester quotes from the Cleveland *Leader*, have been going the rounds of the anti-Prohibition press, with such promptitude as to lead one to suspect that there is somebody pushing them in the interest of the whisky men.

The figures are not correct, and Mr. Acres, if there be such a person, has not taken the trouble to go to the official reports of the United States Internal Revenue department. The following are the official figures, for the years ending April 30, for the state of Kansas:

Year ending	Retail Liquor Dealers.	Wholesale Liq. Dealers.	Brewers.	Retail Dealers Malt Liquor.	Wholesale Malt Liquor.	Total.
April 30, 1882	1,460	26	62	52	18	1,568
" 1883	1,868	27	9	51	52	2,007
" 1884	1,948	18	17	71	38	2,088
" 1885	2,088	21	11	77	22	2,219
" 1886	2,318	19	8	83	27	2,455
" 1887	2,098	17	5	84	42	2,246
" 1888	1,277	8	4	119	16	1,424

It will be noted that the statement published by the *Leader*, and other papers, as quoted by Mr Hester, carefully *omits* the figures for 1888, which show a decrease of no less than 36 per cent below those of 1887. Dr. Fisher's statement, however, is a conclusive answer to the *Lead r's* publication.

AN anti-amendment paper in Pennsylvania made a bitter assault on Governor BEAVER a few days ago, implying that he was "on the fence" regarding the amendment. Representative SAML. H. MILLER telegraphed to the governor and promptly received the following reply by wire:

I have never had any question as to my duty in regard to the amendment, and will vote for it of course, as I have always intended to do.

The only question in my mind has been one of duty as a representative of the party.

Without pretending to represent the Republican party, I expect to take ground publicly in favor of the amendment in due time.

Crazy as a Loon.

"It is too bad about Batter, isn't it?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Haven't you heard? He's been taken to an asylum."

"No!"

"Yes. Crazy over base ball. He's been betting that Chicago would win the championship."—*Chicago Herald.*

MISREPRESENTING IOWA.

A Rum Circular Now Used in Pennsylvania to the Discredit of Iowa—Its Refutation.

The Brooklyn, Iowa, *Chronicle*, does a good work in publishing the following, which has been sent THE BLADE by an Iowa friend:

The following circular is being circulated in Pennsylvania greatly to the discredit of Poweshiek county. The statements contained are untrue and misleading, as will be seen by the affidavits which follow it. The following is the circular:

WHAT A FARMER SAYS IN THE PROHIBITION STATE OF IOWA:—Mr. Martin Kuntz, a well-known farmer of this county, residing in South Williamsport, recently received a letter from his son, William Kuntz, who is and has been for years engaged in farming at Brooklyn, Iowa, from which we cull the following interesting particulars:

"In 1882 the prices for grain were as follows, here: Wheat, $1.35 per bushel; corn, 62½ cents; oats, 38 cents. At present writing the prices are as follows: Wheat, 67 cents; corn, 17 cents; oats, 18 cents. The greater part of the grain raised last year is still unsold. The best cows are quoted at from $15 to $20 at present, and go begging for purchasers even at these ridiculously low figures. Horses, no matter if they are of the most famous breeds, can hardly be sold at any price. Farms, despite the improvements that have been erected and made thereon, are steadily decreasing in value at an alarming rate. To illustrate, I paid $4,000 for my farm in 1881, and if I wished to dispose of it to-day I could not realize more than $2,000 from its sale."

Farmers, these are practical effects of constitutional prohibition. If you wish to decrease the value of your real property and of your farm products, vote for prohibition next June. It is your privilege!

A Statement.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:—The above is being the testimony used as an anti-prohibition circular in the state of Pennsylvania where they have a prohibition election in June next and some of the citizens of that state want to know if the condition of things in Iowa, is fairly represented. We think Mr. Martin Kuntz knows it is not.

Wheat is not raised in this state to any great extent, and most of our flour is shipped from the country north of us. How then would prohibition in Iowa effect the price of wheat? Oats are raised and find a market in Chicago and the east, where the price is regulated. Did Mr. Kuntz ever hear of Chicago or New York suffering much from prohibition? If he has not, how does he account for the low price of grain in these great centers? It is true a greater part of the corn raised in this state last year is unsold. Farmers are holding it to feed porkers, when it will net them forty or fifty cents per bushel, just as Martin Kunz's son William is doing. The writer has repeatedly tried to buy corn from him within the last few weeks and the reply has been, "I do not think I will have any to spare."

When there has not been a surplus, and Iowa has depended on a home market, the prices have been good. In 1884 I sold large quantities of corn to farmers at from 51 to 52½ cents per bushel. In 1887 corn sold at 35 to 40 cents per bushel. In 1888 I paid 47½ cents for hundreds of bushels. We have appended an affidavit of Alex Wood as to how much he obtained per bushel and how much his neighbor, friend of the corn law eighteen cents net him, because there is only a fine fence between his land and Kuntz's land, where such a deplorable state of affairs exists. Mr. Kuntz says: "Horses can hardly be sold at any price." Appended see affidavit of Andrew Milligan; who gives names of persons who have sold and the prices paid. Mr. Kuntz claims in the circular above to have paid $4,000 for his farm and that he could not now realize more than $2,000. The records show that he paid $3,680 and sold it to W. F. Kuntz for same consideration giving bond for a deed conditional for the payment of $200 each year. Now, if Martin Kuntz can get the land back again I will find him a buyer at $2,400 for one 80, or $4,960 for the whole of it. The good people of Iowa look upon prohibition as a great benefit to the state and many who were once its opponents are now its warm supporters. M. MCARA.

Affidavit.

STATE OF IOWA, }
POWESHIEK COUNTY. }

I, Andrew Milligan, after being sworn on oath depose and say I have been out with Mr. A. Oxender of Mansfield, Ohio, buying horses, and the prices paid to persons named are as follows: To F. W. Fowler for pair of 3-year olds, $350; M. L. Judd, pair of 4-year olds, $305; James Dunlap, one horse, $175; Geo. Wilkinson, one 3-year-old, $300; Albert Schrader, one 4-year old, $165, and to many others prices not much lower. That William Kuntz, the person named in the above circular, sells $175 for a horse (a little under size) which he has for sale and that horse buyers have been in Brooklyn buying horses almost continually ever since the spring opened and that including the car we are now making up, seven cars have been shipped this spring from Brooklyn, and that any good horse can be sold readily. A. MILLIGAN.

Brooklyn, Iowa, May 1, 1889.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by A. Milligan this 1st day of May, 1889.

O. F. DORRANCE,
Notary Public in and for Poweshiek Co., Iowa.

I, Alex. Wood, after being sworn on oath depose and say that I own eighty acres of land adjoining the land of Wm. Kuntz on the east and that the corn crop of 1887 was sold by me at an average of 47 cents per bushel and that the one-third, which was my share, netted me $517.05.

ALEX. WOOD.

Brooklyn, Iowa, May 1, 1889.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by Alex. Wood this 1st day of May, 1889.

O. F. DORRANCE, Notary Public.

The above statement and affidavits are from men of unquestionable character and integrity, and their statements will have the endorsement of citizens generally in Poweshiek county, irrespective of party.

DON'T IT PROHIBIT, THOUGH?

A Drummer's Story—How He Finally Got Whisky in Iowa.

"I see you are discussing the question whether prohibition prohibits in Iowa," said a traveling man to a reporter for THE BLADE, last evening. "Let me tell you a story. I was once in West Liberty, a town at the junction of the Rock Island and the Burlington & Northern railroads, and found I would have to stay all night. It was my custom in Iowa to carry a flask with me, and although I had the flask all right enough, this time it was useless, as it was empty. I wanted some whisky, and I wanted it badly; so I went to my last customer, who, I knew, had no scruples on the subject, and stated my wants.

"'I can't get it for you,' he said.

"I urged him, but he insisted that he did not know where to go for it until I had to believe him.

"Then remarking that I would show him a trick or two, I went to the principal drug-store. I always carried an outside line of perfumeries and druggists' supplies, and knew the owner very well, so that I did not imagine I would have the least trouble there. But the druggist refused me point blank, and would not yield to any of my entreaties.

"About this time I was desperate, when I remembered that the Rock Island train would be through in a short time with a dining car along. In those days they sold liquor on the dining cars while in motion, although now they lock the bar up the minute the Mississippi river is crossed.

"I found an old friend named Gillett, who used to run a hotel in Davenport, at which I stopped, in charge of the car when she rolled into the depot. Now! thought I, there will be no more trouble; but what was my surprise when he said:

"'I can't sell you any whisky while we are stopping at a station. When the cars start you can have it.'

"I reasoned with him awhile, but found he meant business, and as a last resort I suggested: 'I will lay the money down on this table. You put the whisky out there. When the cars start I'll grab the bottle and jump.'

"This programme was carried out, and although I got off the train as quickly as I could, still I was rolled in the ditch. I got the whisky, but I came near breaking my neck.

"Oh! no, perhaps prohibition does not prohibit in Iowa! But it comes so mighty near to it that I take no more chances in that state, let me tell you!"

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA.

Mariners do not like to have a corpse on board.

It is unlucky to point with the finger at a ship when at sea.

The nails and hair must not be cut at sea except during a storm.

Rats are supposed to leave a vessel only when it is going to sink.

It is unlucky to sneeze on the left side at the moment of embarking.

A knife stuck in the mast, the killing of a pig, or whistling is believed to bring wind.

The stormy petrel is supposed to herald bad weather, and the great auk to tell when land is near.

The cat is generally disliked by sailors, but a cat will not be thrown overboard, as this would bring on a storm.

Cornwall (England) sailors will not walk at night along portions of the shore where there have been wrecks, as they believe that the souls of the drowned inhabit those localities.

WORDS FOR WORKERS.

PROHIBITION AN AID TO THEM.

Some Facts and Arguments That Are Worth Careful Study—Can Workingmen Afford to Support Saloons?

Rev. M. C. Lockwood, of Cincinnati, in *Voice.*

Nothing would more certainly further the interests of organized Labor than Prohibition. Drink is not only the workingman's worst foe when he is a victim personally, but it is the cause of the disintegration and defeat of his organizations. The manufacturer of liquor diverts large amounts of capital from other industries, and this injures labor, because *capital invested in the manufacture of liquor pays a smaller per cent into the hands of Labor than any other industry known to civilization.* No business returns a smaller proportion of the product of Labor to the hands that make it than the manufacture of liquor.

The saloon is the corrupting element in politics. As long as its ethics dominate our politics so long will the class of men that it floats into power be venal and vicious, and subject to the most malign influences that are rapidly combining against the public welfare. No labor leader who has commanded any respect, no student of the question who has any broad sympathy with the working classes, no friend who has a broad culture and an unselfish motive in his advocacy of their interests but has deprecated and denounced every influence of the saloon. Wherever it is found it is and can never be anything but the enemy of the laborer, as an individual or in his organized relations.

The taunt—too often justifiable—that the workingmen are the supporters of the saloon, is one of the strongest weapons of their foes. This is the basis of a wide distrust of all their movements, political or otherwise, for the amelioration of their social conditions.

Workingmen will honor themselves and move toward a solution of many problems when they act and vote for Prohibition. Notably the problem of convict labor will meet its answer here, for abolition of the saloon is the reduction of criminals, and to so great a number that convict labor will not represent any formidable competition with free and honest labor.

A WORKER'S WORDS.

Some Facts Stated by a Workingman to His Fellows.

James Campbell, president of the Window Glass Workers' association, made a speech at a Prohibition meeting in Pittsburg, April 13, in which he said:

"Some people say that this is a Republican country. I say that the W. C. T. U. is the most powerful party in existence, and is the organization which will bring about a new era in the history of Pennsylvania next June, when the noble fight for Prohibition shall have been won. I am a workingman and the workingman who does not come out and vote with us should be distranchised. Over $2,000,000,000 worth of alcoholic liquors sold in one year! This would build 1,000,000 homes at $2,000 each. Just think of it, workingmen! All the divorce suits are directly or indirectly traceable to whiskey. There isn't a family which has not felt the keen arrow of intemperance in its midst, and I hope, for the sake of our liberty, that we will earnestly adhere to the edict as laid down in the amendment and implore others to follow our example. He who is a church member and does not vote for it should be summarily expelled from the church."

EMPTIES THE JAILS.

Prohibition as a Remedy for Crime and Pauperism.

The emptying of Iowa jails under temperance laws calls attention to the fact that throughout the country over nine-tenths of all arrests are due directly or indirectly to the sale and use of intoxicants. It is not a worn out theme, and must be ultimately the basis of our legislation. The steady increase of liquor to pauperism and crime cannot be overlooked or put to one side if we expect society to escape ultimate disorganization. The license system as a whole is as bad a failure as prohibition. The statistics alarming the economists, and the citizens of the Eastern states are unwilling to trust any longer to the license method of restriction. A recent writer gives a long array of statistics, of which we may select as a sample the fact that in Massachusetts the pauper expenses in five license towns increased 253 per cent, while in five no-license towns of equal size they decreased 65 per cent. Facts all point this way; and now where is the remedy?

DRUNKEN CHILDREN.

The Fearful Conditions Existing Among the Poor of Vienna.

The *British Medical Journal* has this to say about the intemperance of boys and girls in Austria: "So serious and widespread has inebriety been of recent years among school children that the Vienna school board have, though heretofore ineffectually, been making strenuous efforts for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks to children. The board has just resolved to invoke the intervention of the government, and a bill is to be laid before Parliament during the present session to prohibit the selling of intoxicants to boys and girls under 15 years of age. So alarming is the present state of matters that the appearance of a boy at school in a state of drunkenness is by no means a rare sight. During the winter poor children are often sent to school with only a glass of the cheapest spirits for breakfast, partly to allay hunger and partly to 'keep out the cold'—that venerable delusion which still lingers in England."

HOW "TIPPECANOE" HARRISON WAS SAVED.

The battle of Tippecanoe was fought November 5th, 1811, in Indiana, on the banks of Tippecanoe River, between the Americans under General Harrison, and the Indians under the prophet Tecumseh's brother.

Following his brilliant achievements in arms, now more than three-quarters of a century ago, General Harrison, together with many of his troops, was stricken with disease contracted through lack of proper food, and exposure to the miasma of that section of Indiana, and for a time his life was dispaired of. Several of his command lay for weeks, suffering the horrors of disease. General Harrison's troops were threatened with decimation, and the skill of the army surgeons was employed in vain to combat a more deadly enemy than even the hostile aborigines.

But relief came at last.

General Harrison very sensibly concluded that residents of the neighborhood—nay, the Indians themselves—knew nature's specific for the disease which had prostrated his command, and instantly set on foot enquiries with a view to ascertain by the remedies. They were speedily found and put to test, and worked like a charm.

The medicines were preparations of simple roots and herbs, based upon very old-fashioned but effective and natural formulæ. Their intrinsic merits have been known and utilized for generations.

Many of these invaluable formulæ have within the last two years come into possession of Hon. H. H. Warner, president of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, owner of the largest proprietary medicine manufactory in the world, and whose Safe Remedies have conferred a lasting boon upon mankind.

In 1887, Mr. Warner, after careful experimenting and trial put upon the market Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, based upon the formulæ which has cured thousands of debilitated sufferers everywhere where introduced.

These Log Cabin preparations are designed for an entirely different order of diseases to which the Safe Remedies are applied, among them are Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy.

A Look at the President.

President Harrison is not a man of impulse. So he is not impatient or irritable. According to the testimony of those who have known him long and intimately, he is "the soul of patience." Slow to each conclusions, he is tenacious of a decision once made. His conviction that the Republican party is right and the Democratic party wrong is so strong that he rarely finds anything in the opposition to draw his approval. He is a partisan, and he is as frankly a partisan now as he was in the Senate four years ago. His friends prefer to call him a "decided" rather than a "positive" man, regarding the former word as descriptive of the man of resolution that he is, while the latter is applicable to an obstinate man, which they say he is not.

The President is not an assertive man. He is so fond of eliciting as well as conveying opinion by hypothesis that his leading characteristic would not be inaptly represented by an interrogation mark.—*The Epoch.*

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER VIII.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops,
Our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,
With but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us,
But steadily before.
We are coming, Father Abra'am,
Three hundred thousand more.

CHORUS—We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham,
With three hundred thousand more!
We are coming, Father Abraham,
With three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill tops
That meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust
Your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant
Tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag
In glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
And bands brave music pour;
We are coming, Father Abra'am,
Three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys,
Where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys
Fast coming into line;
And children from their mother's knees
Are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow,
Against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping
At every cottage door!
We are coming, Father Abra'am,
Three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming,
By Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake,
Our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group,
To wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes
Its fragments to parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before;
We are coming, Father Abra'am,
Three hundred thousand more.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

BY GEORGE F. ROOT.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view—
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.
Chorus—Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again!
But, Oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm number'd with the slain?

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words, we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe!

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding—
'Tis the signal for the fight!
Now may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells across the land!
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there!

WITH THE EBB AND FLOW.

The Causes of the Shifting To and Fro of the Tides.

No movement of the sea is more important than the regular rise and fall, once in about 24 hours, which we know as the tide. The movement is due to the difference between the attraction exerted by the moon and sun upon the solid earth, and those exerted upon the oceanic envelope. Attraction, as shown by Newton, varies not only directly as the mass, but also inversely, as the square of the distance; thus at an equal distance one body will exert double the attraction of another of half the mass; but if the distance of one body be twice that of the other, and their masses equal, the attraction of the more distant will be but a quarter of that of the nearer. So the immense mass of the sun exerts, in spite of its greater distance, a greater attraction upon the earth as a whole than does the moon.

The difference, however, between the sun's attraction upon the solid earth and its attraction upon the ocean is on account of its distance but a small fraction of its total attraction, whilst that between the moon's attraction upon the solid earth and its attraction upon the ocean, owing to its comparative small distance of 240,000 miles, is a very considerable fraction of its total action. So that whilst the earth's attraction causes the moon to travel round it once a month, the reciprocal attraction of the moon is mainly effectual in causing the tides, the sun's action being only about one-third as great. The waters of the open ocean have a tendency to rise up in a heap on the side nearest the moon, because they are pulled more strongly than is the solid globe, and, being liquid, yield to the attraction. Simultaneously a similar heaping up occurs at the antipodes of this point—on the side, that is, farthest from the moon—because the solid globe is, as it were, pulled away from the water there.

Two great tidal waves are thus originated; and, as the earth's movement in its orbit occupied with its daily rotation, make the moon occupy the same relative position every 24 hours, or, more exactly, every 24 hours and 50 minutes—high tide at any place occurs twice in every such period of time.

Parasols, Veils, Gloves.

The little mask veils died quietly.

The green parasol is making its appearance.

Sun umbrellas have short eight-inch handles, and are commonly of black or dark-colored taffeta silk.

Striped and checked silk parasols, with long wooden handles, are worn in the morning, with light spring gowns.

White accordian plaited muslin sunshades, finished by a fall of white lace, will be a crisp and dainty addition to white morning gowns at the seaside and in the country.

Inside the new Cleopatra parasol is a broad ribbon twisted about from one rib to another, and when the parasol is closed it falls in full loops about the handle, and gives a novel, bunchy effect.

The Empire veil holds its own bravely straight on into the spring season. Worn with the wide-brimmed hats that grow bigger and more gorgeous each day, this veil is the only thing possible, and is in reality a great protection against sharp breezes and whirling dust.

A new and most wonderful departure in the fashion of gloves has taken place of late Worth, Felix, Elise and several other autocrats of style pronounced some two months ago in favor of green for spring. The green straw and felt that first paved the way in this country were followed by the new green stuffs.

Biblical Lore in England.

The following were recently among the written answers in examinations on the Scriptures by her majesty's inspectors of Schools:

"Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a hark made of bullrushes, and he kept a golden carf and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het nothin' but qwahies and manner for forty years. He was kort by the air of his 'ed while ridin' under' a bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace."

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Hismaie and tother Havgur. He kept wun at home and he harried the tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."

"Write an account of the Good Samaritan?" "A certain man went down from Jersien to Jerriker, and he fell among thawns, and the thawns sprang up and choked him. Whereupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said tak care on him and put him in his hone hass. And he past by on the hother side."—*London Times.*

Adding Insult to Injury.

"Mr. Lushly," said his wife at the breakfast table, "you are a brute. Nobody but a brute would add insult to injury the way you did last night."

Lushly made no inquiries, but his wife went on.

"You came home in a state of beastly intoxication as usual, and I didn't say a word to you except 'So you are drunk again?'"

"What did I do?" inquired Lushly, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"You hiccoughed and said 'Sheshnuts!' that's what you did," and she wept at the very recollection.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A LEGAL ROMANCE.

THE MYRA CLARK GAINES CASE

Which Has Been in Court for Half a Century—A Cool Half-Million to be Divided Among the Heirs.

An opinion was rendered by the United States Supreme court Monday in a controversy that has no parallel in the annals of American litigation. The controversy was begun more than half a century ago. In various aspects it has called forth numerous decisions from the courts of Louisiana and the courts of the United States. It has involved property in New Orleans valued before the war at $35,000,000. It embodies a story of romance rarely eclipsed even in fiction. The opinion by Justice Bradley awarded the executors of the will of Myra Clark Gaines the sum of $576,000 against the city of New Orleans for the use of property sold by the city, but recovered by Mrs. Gaines after long litigation. The judgment of the lower court awarding the executors $1,300,000 for the use of the unimproved property sold by the city was not concurred in.

This case probably has been the most interesting, the hardest contested, and the most prolonged known to the judicial history of this country. Over thirty years ago, Justice Wayne, of the United States Supreme court, said that when the historian of the American bar should come to write up the case, it would be registered as the most remarkable in the history of our courts. The case had then been before the Supreme court five times in one form or another, and has now been decided as many times again. The first suit in the case was brought by Mrs. Gaines (then the wife of Gen. Whitney), in 1834, and since that time decision has followed decision in regard to it until it has become a by-word that there was always a Gaines case pending.

Mrs. Gaines never knew her father, and she became aware of her identity and her claim to the property in question in a peculiar way. She was born in New Orleans in 1805, her mother being a young French woman of remarkable beauty, Zulime Des Granges. At the time of her birth, her mother had another husband, or at least a reputed husband, who was absent in Europe. Myra was taken to the house of a friend of her father, Col. Davis, was nursed by a Mrs. Harper, and, in 1812, went with the Davis family to Philadelphia. She was known at this time as Myra Davis. In 1830, looking through Col Davis's papers, Myra discovered the story of her birth. Two years later, she married W. W. Whitney, of New York, who followed up this discovery, and found among the papers of Col. Davis a letter with an account of a will made by Clark in 1813, before his death, willing his estate to Myra, and acknowledging her as his legitimate daughter. In the meantime, the property had passed under a will of 1811 to Clark's mother, Mrs. Mary Clark. Later, it passed into the possession of the city of New Orleans. During the prosecution of the investigation of this will, Mr. Whitney died, and his widow married Gen. E. P. Gaines. Gen. Gaines also died before the matter was in any way settled. Finally, in 1856, on the testimony of several witnesses to whom Clark had read the will, it was admitted to probate. Then the question of Mrs. Gains's legitimacy was raised, for under the law of Louisiana, property could not be willed to an illegitimate child. It was proved on trial that Zulime Des Granges had secretly married Clark, having first learned that her reputed husband had married someone else who was living at the time he married her, and that her first marriage was therefore illegal. The intervention of the war delayed the decision of the Gaines suit. The United States Supreme court did acknowledge her legitimacy, but until the war was over she could not recover on her suit against the city for the real estate her father had left her. In the December term of the court, 1867, she obtained a final judgment for property whose value was estimated in 1861 at $35,000,000. Of this property, she obtained only a part, as she steadily refused to evict the people in possession of it, and depended for redress on the responsibility of the city. She was rich at the time of her second husband's death, in 1849, but she spent the whole of her fortune to free her mother's name from stain. She was for a long time a familiar figure in Washington. She died here in January, 1885. At that time there was pending a suit for nearly $2,000,000, with more than $500,000 interest, the income on the property received by the city of New Orleans. The court decided to give the plaintiff the interest suit, which is a nice little sum for about thirty people.

WHERE THEY GREW FIRST.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

Horse-radish is a native of England.

Melons were found originally in Asia.

Filberts originally came from Greece.

Quinces originally came from Corinth.

The turnip originally came from Rome.

The peach originally came from Persia.

Sage is a native of the south of Europe.

Sweet marjoram is a native of Portugal.

The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.

Damsons originally came from Damascus.

The nasturtium came originally from Peru.

The pea is a native of the south of Europe.

Coriander seed came originally from the East.

Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies.

The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britain.

Apricots are indigenous to the plains of America.

The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.

The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus, and China.

Capers originally grew wild in Greece and northern Africa.

Pears were originally brought from the East by the Romans.

The clove is a native of the Malacca islands, as is also the nutmeg.

Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century.

Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.

Asparagus was originally a wild sea-coast plant, and is a native of Great Britain.

The tomato is a native of South America, and it takes its name from a Portuguese word.

Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules.

Apples were originally brought from the east by the Romans. The crab appie is indigenous to Great Britain.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 2,000 years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

Cloves came to us from the Indies, and take their name from the Latin clanvus, meaning a nail, to which they have a resemblance.

The cantaloupe is a native of America, and so called from the name of a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

Origin of "Primrose Day."

The origin of "Primrose Day" (April 19), the "Primrose League," and other kindred associations in England, is as follows: When Lord Beaconsfield was borne to the grave, there lay prominent in the coffin a wreath of primroses, bearing the inscription, "His favorite flower," and signed with the autograph initials of the queen. It was naturally inferred that the "his" related to Beaconsfield. It is now known that when the queen wrote the inscription she had in her mind the deceased Prince Consort. Beaconsfield, it appears, liked trees better than flowers.

Esau Justified.

Little Madeline was eating boiled partridge for the first time, and great was her delight in its flavor. "It's nicer than anything I ever tasted," quoth she, "and I don't blame Esau a bit."

"What has Esau to do with it?" queried her mother.

"Why, you know, mamma," said the little one, in grave surprise at such ignorance, "he sold his birthright for a mess of partridge."—*Philadelphia Item.*

Commemorating a Tragedy.

The Castle Meyerling, where Crown Prince Rudolph shot himself, will become a convent of Carmelite nuns, the death chamber becoming a chapel.

LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow.
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.
Make your life so free from blame,
That the luster of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.
Useless griefs will make it double.
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through the years—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Sunny Hours.*

Dogs in War.

The English veterinary surgeon, Dr Bennett, in a recent lecture, traced the use of the war dog from the Roman days down to the present time. They were put to service by the Spaniards in America, by the Earl of Essex in Ireland, by the English at Tangier, by the French at Marengo, and by Gen. Skobeleff in his famous campaign in Asia Minor. In 1885 the Germans decided to instruct dogs as sentries, and to-day among the Germans dogs are trained to be of great service in time of war. Dogs are used as auxiliary sentinels to the outposts and sentries to cover the rear and flank guards, as scouts on the march, as dispatch bearers, as carriers of auxiliary ammunition, and as searchers for the killed and wounded after an engagement. The bloodhound is par excellance, the dog for tracking and for sentry work, but on night marches the retriever and spaniel are only less useful. With all the improvements that have been made in the art of carrying on war, we have not improved upon the experiments which the Romans made with dogs before the Christian era.—*Boston Herald.*

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHITE HOUSE SOCIAL LIFE.

First Two Women Who Presided There in the Third Period.

N looking over the dark days of Buchanan's administration—days that can never be blotted from the pages of history or out of the memory of the nation, the one bright thought that stands pleasantly forth is of the gay, beautiful girl who presided over the social life of the White House. Courtly gentleman as this unfortunate President was, elegant and polished in bearing, his niece was no whit behind him in all the graces that are attractive to the brilliant world.

Everybody is familiar with the early romance of Mr. Buchanan's life, which ended in a tragedy and made him go to the end of his days without the home-ties of wife and child. This vacuum in his life his loved niece largely filled as she grew older. Of her own selection she became one of his household, when upon the death of her father and mother, she was left an orphan, yet a child, and with a large fortune. Many homes were offered to her, but her uncle's imposing presence, his charming talk and winning manners had made so strong an impression upon her youthful imagination that she chose to go to him, he receiving her gladly at Wheatlands.

MISS HARRIET LANE.

Harriet Lane had a frank nature, scorning deceit and abounding in all noble impulses. She was full of exuberant spirits, always in mischief, indulging in wild pranks that called down upon her reproofs from her uncle, but simple and affectionate withal, and ready to repair any wrong she might unwittingly commit. She grew up with the same traits of character that made her so winning and loveable as a child, united to the beauty and grace of an accomplished womanhood. The spirit that prompted the young girl with no thought of self, to trundle along a wheelbarrow of wood to old black aunt Tabitha, because it was cold, has always remained strong within her, through the vicissitudes of her life.

Miss Lane received the best educational advantages which the times afforded, becoming a fine musician and a proficient in other accomplishments. She returned to her uncle well fitted to preside over his elegant home, beautiful, womanly, graceful and elegant in manner, and a pleasing address that instantly won the good will of strangers.

The position of Mr. Buchanan as one of the leading statesmen of the country drew to Wheatland the most distinguished people of the time, to whom she was always the delightful hostess. Her uncle never had reason to be other than proud of her bearing. When he was sent to represent the United States at the court of St. James, a man whose illustrious name was well known there, she accompanied him thither, and was accorded the position which a wife would have occupied at his side. Her beauty, combined with his graceful and dignified bearing, made her a favorite at the English court, and won the personal regard of the queen. Few, indeed, are the young girls who could fill so difficult a place with such rare grace as did this one.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Later when she came to the White House as its mistress, the same qualities that gave her success at the English court enabled her to lead the social life with tact and delicacy. Weighed down with sorrow from the loss of a dear sister and brother, the first year was more quiet than those which followed. It was then one of the gayest of all the administrations up to the last fatal days that fixed a lasting stain upon a man whom his country had delighted to honor. There was a constant stream of distinguished visitors at the White House, including the Prince of Wales and his party, and never once did Miss Lane fail, no matter how trying the occasion, in winning the admiration of those who came into her presence.

Two or three years after her White House life ended, she became the wife of Henry Elliott Johnston, of Baltimore, whither she went to live, and which is now her home.

THE NEXT MISTRESS.

It is hard to approach the record of the next lady of the White House without a pang of sorrow and regret. Of the wife of the heroic, the martyred Lincoln, much has been written and spoken of bitter condemnation, and yet at this day, when time and death have softened the memories of the past, a nearer approach to justice may be reached by referring her vagaries to the beginnings of an intellectual decay.

It is one of those curious circumstances which stagger even the most decided materialist, that in early girlhood she foretold her future reign in the White House. At that time there seemed little probability or possibility that this prediction would be accomplished. Even after she married Mr. Lincoln, having refused the brilliant young lawyer, Stephen A. Douglas, it did not appear in the slightest degree likely that the tall, gaunt, awkward man would ever reach the Presidential chair, and thus fulfil her prophecy.

Yet he was of the stuff that heroes are made, as was afterwards proven, and through him Mrs. Lincoln occupied the position which she claimed she should fill.

I will not linger upon her life before she entered the White House. She was a faithful wife and mother, though no one questions the fact of the unfitness of the union of these two so entirely unlike in tastes and habits. The trouble began, so far as the public was concerned, immediately after the nomination, when she rebelled against the constant influx of visitors to Mr. Lincoln in Springfield, compelling him to take a room at the State House for their reception.

Had she reached the goal of her ambition in less troublous times, she might never have challenged public criticism as she did, but she seemed to have small conception of what was required of the first lady of the land, at a period when darkness had gathered over the country and the shadows of despair were settling down upon so many homes. Her chief thought was of the show and state which she had imagined would be hers in that place, and yet she did nothing to make the administration popular. She had not the slightest idea of what assistance the wife of a public man may be to him, and never troubled herself to conciliate the disaffected when she might have done so.

MR. LINCOLN'S PATIENCE.

Perhaps there is nothing which shows the greatness of the man as does Mr. Lincoln's treatment of his wife under all the circumstances which tried him so severely. He was always tender and affectionate in his deportment, even when she did the very things to wound him most. And yet the fact that with his life her own practically went out—for she was never again herself during the seventeen years that she survived him—showed that she loved him supremely.

Of course it would be impossible, even for the most pleasure-loving of women to make the social life of the White House, in such a season of gloom and distress, a gay and happy one. Dinner entertainments were abolished, but she gave one large party, at which the French princes were present, and the whole press of the country denounced her for so doing.

Just as the time seemed to have arrived when her heart's desire of a gay social life appeared possible of attainment, came that last sad tragedy, which shocked the whole country and threw over its pall of grief, full of bitterness, that so noble a life should be sacrificed. There can be no doubt but this terrible blow finally unsettled the mind of Mrs. Lincoln, and that was the key to the vagaries which, until the fact became patent to everybody, filled the newspapers with unkindly criticism and comment. It seemed hard for the nation to endure, that the one who was the widow of its heroic and idolized President should bear herself other than as a dignified woman, but later developments have mercifully dropped a mantle of charity over her short-comings.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

OME one writes to know in regard to the colors which are most popular in decorative work. Most decidedly they are the soft old tints that appear, perhaps, to the uneducated eye when taken alone, as dull and without meaning. They are, however, massed together, much more beautiful than the brilliant coloring.

A PRETTY HANGING BASKET.—A particularly rustic and charming effect can be produced with the stems of the grape vine and the five-leaved ivy or woodbine. The former should be about as thick as a slender finger and cut into lengths of ten inches. These pieces should be soaked in hot water that they may be easily handled, and holes can then be made with a penknife about an inch from each end of the piece. A piece of steel hoop is then passed through these holes and the ends burned to make them bend, that it may be fastened. The distances should be evenly arranged and another piece of hoop passed through the upper ends in the same manner, breaking off the steel so as to make the basket thirteen inches in diameter. The sticks should be two inches apart and three more pieces of hoop should be put at equal distances from top to bottom that the weight of earth may not split the sticks. Pieces of hoop are then fastened across the bottom, and vines of the five-leaved ivy are woven around the hoops at the top and bottom of the basket, and also around the middle, not forgetting a long handle or supporter of the same material. The basket should be lined with moss and it is then ready for the earth and plants.—FLORA.

A PRETTY BANNER.—A pretty banner is made of soft, dull blue china silk with apple blossoms painted or embroidered upon it. The silk lining and drab crinoline should be cut the desired size, place the lining over the silk then the crinoline on top of the lining and sew each side carefully, leaving the ends open. Turn it right side out and slip in a piece of pasteboard between the silk and the crinoline, pressing the silk out smoothly. Now it is ready for the design which may be sketched or stamped. The apple blossoms are painted with white, permanent blue, a trifle of ivory black and touches of madder lake. The centers are painted with light cadmium and tarn sienna and the leaves with antwerp blue, cadmium, a trifle ivory black, white, and touches of burnt sienna. When thoroughly dry the ends are turned in and neatly fastened, and the lower end finished with little jugs painted the shade of the silk and fastened on with pink baby ribbon, which is run through the handle and tied in dainty little bows. The lining could be the same shade as the ribbon. Without one is used to embroidering on china silk, the painting will be more satisfactory.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh, short.

WONDERFUL EDGING.—Cast on 13 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—p 3—S plain—p 2; 2d row—sl 1—1 plain—pull slipped st over plain 1—wind thread around right-hand needle once—p S—t o 1—sl 1—n—pull slipped st over narrowed one; 3d row—(take the 1st st and k 1 plain—p 1—thus making 2 sts out of 1)—10 plain—p 1; 4th row—sl 1 plain—wind thread around needle once, and p 2 tog—p 4—p 2 tog—t o 1—3 plain; 5th row—(take 1st st—k 1 plain—and p 1—as before)—p 3—6 plain—p 3; 6th row—sl 1—2 plain—wind thread around needle once—p 2 tog—p 2—p 2 tog—t o 1—5 plain; 7th row—(take 1st st—k 1 plain—p 1)—p 5—4 plain—p 4; 8th row—sl 1—3 plain—wind thread around needle once—p 2 tog—p 2 tog—t o 1—1 plain—n—t o 2—n—2 plain; 9th row—sl 1—p 2—k 1st loop—p 2d loop—p 3—2 plain—p 5; 10th row—sl 1—1 plain—n—wind thread around needle once—n—3 plain—n; 11th row—sl 1—p 4—6 plain—p 3; 12th row—sl 1—n—wind thread around needle once—p 6—t o 1—n—1 plain—n.

JAQUE LACE.—Make a chain of 18 stitches. 1st row—1 d c in 5th st—1 ch—1 d c in 7th st—1 ch—1 d c in 9th st—1 ch (1 d c—2 d c—1 d c in 4th st—1 ch—1 d c 13th ch—1 ch—1 d c in 15th st—1 ch—1 d c in 17th st—4 ch and turn; 2d row—1 d c in 2 d c—1 ch—1 d c in next d c—1 ch—5 d c under 2 ch—1 ch—1 d c in next d c—1 ch—1 d c in next d c—1 ch—1 d c in next d c—1 ch—1 d c in center of 5 ch—4 ch—turn; 3d row—same as 1st row; 4th row—same as 2d row; 5th row—same as 1st row; 6th row—same as 2d row; 7th row—same as 1st row; 8th row—1 d c over 2 d c—1 ch—1 d c in next d c—1 ch—5 d c under 2 ch—1 ch—1 d c in next—1 ch—1 d c in next—1 ch—1 d c in next—1 ch—1 dc in center of 4 ch—5 ch—turn; 9th row—1 d c in 1st d c; this forms a loop at the bottom of lace, in which the scallop is formed; finish this row same as the 1st; 10th row—same as 2d—make 22 d c under loop at bottom of lace and fasten with slip st at bottom of 8th row—3 ch—fasten in 7th row—turn; 11th row—* 3 ch—pass by 2 d c—2 d c over next 2 d c—repeat from * 4 times, and finish same as 1st row; 12th row—same as 2d, until you reach the scallop—* 3 ch—pass by 3 ch—2 d c in next 1 d c—1 d c in next—* repeat from * 4 times and fasten; 13th row—3 ch—fasten to main part of lace—* 3 ch—pass by 3 ch—1 d c over 1st d c in cluster—2 over next—1 over next—*—repeat from * 4 times, and finish same as 1st row; 14th row—same as 2d to scallop—* 3 ch—pass by 3 ch—2 d c over 1 d c in cluster—1 in each of next 2, and 2 d c in last—*—repeat from * 5 times, and fasten in main part of lace; 15th row—3 ch—fasten in main part of lace—* 3 ch—pass over 3 ch—2 d c over 1 d c in cluster—1 over each of next 2—2 ch—1 over each of next 2, and d c over last—*—repeat from * 4 times, and finish same as 1st row; 16th row—same as 2d row to scallop—* 3 ch—pass by 3 ch—2 d c over 1st—3 ch—(2 d c—2 ch—2 d c) under ch of 2 in cluster—*—repeat from * 4 times and fasten in main part; 17th row—3 ch—fasten to main part of lace—*—3 ch—1 d c over 2 d c—3 ch—(2 d c—3 ch—repeat from * 7 times under ch of 2 in cluster)—repeat from 1st * 4 times; this finishes the scallop.—ADELE M. DEEBING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SPRING GREETING.—It is some time since I have taken my seat among you, but my Toledo friends are never forgotten in our home-circle; so in the year 1889, in the month of April, I jumped aboard the pleasant and rapid car of imagination, to bid you all God speed. Of all the months in the year April is the most fickle, the sun shining one hour and a rattling cold wind blowing the next and very likely the air full of snow. And so on through the month; all smiles and tears. Now it is that

"Winter, still ling'ring in the lap of spring,
Retires reluctant, and from time to time looks back."

This, after all, is salutary discipline. But for these keen and chilling blasts, which seem to penetrate the inmost recesses of the human frame, and to make all nature shiver, we should have the Ladies of Flora's court, forward misses as they are, unfolding their beauties too soon—when there would be no gaily-painted butterflies to visit and worship them; no murmuring bees to creep into their honeyed cells, and draw from thence stores of sweet food for next winter season.

"I might be cruel to be kind,"

might well be the motto of our fickle friend, for by checking the too-rapid growth of vegetation and drying up the superfluous moisture of the earth, he performs an important work in the economy of nature. Many of my friends have drifted away from dear old Toledo, as well as we, and now they will see that I am at the Boys' Industrial school. So wishing you the happiness of long ago, I am a true friend and reader of THE BLADE.—MRS. M. K. NASH.

A CHINESE THEATRE.—A party of Americans visited the theatre at Penang, on the small island in the straits of Malacca lying west of the Malay peninsula. They witnessed the following play, which was interpreted to them by some English speaking Chinamen.

The characters in the play were the husband, his old mother, his wife, two priests and two or three minor characters. The husband was a literary man and wore the long gown and beard peculiar to that class. He was a great student of the writings of Confucius and the other classical writers of his country. He was very poor, but he had a great ambition to attend the University in order to acquire greater learning. The mother-in-law of the wife lived in the family, as is quite the custom, and was supported by her son. Every day the student grew poorer and poorer, until finally he was compelled to go to the temple where the priests lived in order to beg for a little rice for himself and family. Every day he begged at the temple for rice. At last the priests grew weary of his continual begging and decided to get rid of him by strategy. One of the priests was old and one was quite young. In the front court of most Chinese temples is found a great hollow wooden fish. Just before each meal a priest goes out and beats this fish with a heavy stick or with his fists. Sometimes gongs are also beaten, these sounds announce to the other priests and people belonging to the temple that the meal is ready to be served. Whenever the poor student heard the beating of the fish he hastened to the temple for his allowance of rice. The priests, therefore, in order to get rid of him decided to beat the fish *after* the meal instead of before. They cooked their rice and fish and seating themselves before it began a most hasty meal. In their haste their chop sticks clattered and their food rapidly disapeared. The older priest, in his great greed, became choked. Then ensued a scene of pounding and shaking by the younger priest, but all to no effect. The old man was about to die when his young friend rushed out and brought in a wizard who is supposed to hold communication with the spirits and deities. He spread his hands above the suffering priest and mumbled incantations until the old man was completely restored. (In their plays they endeavor to prove the truth of their superstitions and to pay a rich reward to merit.) After the older priest recovered, the younger one hastened out and fell to vigorously beating the fish. The sad and dejected student soon entered and begged. The priests pointed out to him the empty table and told him they had not a grain of rice left. The poor student then told a pitiful tale of the sufferings of his old mother from starvation. The priests were moved to pity. They gave the unhappy man a few cash with which to buy rice and a little wood with which to cook the same. (It takes about a thousand large-sized cash to equal one American dollar, and about twelve hundred small-sized cash to equal the same amount. A cash is a copper coin about the size of a quarter or a two cent piece with a square hole in the center. The natives carry them around on long strings.)

The wife next appears with the rice in a cornucopia and a bundle of sticks. Just as she begins preparing the rice there rushes in upon her three horrible creatures wearing faces like wild beasts. They spring toward her as though they would devour her. She is so frightened that she spills and scatters her rice and loses her wood. These evil spirits, for such they are, having accomplished all the mischief they can, disappear, leaving the poor wife in utter despair.

The next scene represents the son supporting his mother who is almost in a dying condition. Near them sits the despairing wife. A consultation is held. The wife proposes that she be sold for a slave, and that the purchase money be used in restoring the emaciated mother and in the further education of the husband at the university. The husband declines so noble a self-sacrifice. But the wife insists. She tells how the husband can earn money after he has attended the university, and some day buy her back again. Finally the husband is brought to consent, owing to the sufferings of the mother. (In China, and among the Chinese everywhere, the parents are held in great esteem and reverence.)

The provisions of the sale are then set forth. She shall never become the wife of another man. She shall not be sold again excepting to her rightful husband. The wife goes bravely to the place of sale. A traveler happens along just at this moment. He hears the story and buys the wife, agreeing to the provisions of the sale. He seals the promise with the "seal of the hand," which is made by placing the open palm in some black fluid, and then placing it upon the paper containing the agreement. This seal is very binding and sacred among the Chinese. Then ensues a pathetic farewell between the husband and wife, they part weeping and moaning.

Notwithstanding the dearly bought nourishment the old mother dies. The wretched student is bereaved, indeed. But the reward of merit is swift. It comes to pass that the traveler is a disguised deity who has taken this method of proving how worthy these people are to receive happiness, knowing well the dangers of prosperity. So this disguised deity restores the wife to her husband with abundant riches. The good city does more, he returns to life the departed mother and places her before her amazed children. This is too blissful to be true and they fear that the form they see before them is but a ghost. The old mother sits against the wall with her eyes fastened upon them but says not a word. The husband and wife consider what to do. They decide to discover whether the figure before them has a real chin or not. Ghosts in China have no chins. This is a sure test. The husband first approaches his mother and is about to stretch forth his hand to see if there is a chin when the palid face turns toward him and he flees away in terror. Next the wife timidly creeps toward the figure but at the slightest movement she too escapes to a place of safety. After many indicrous attempts and failures on the part of both, the wife finally summons enough courage to place her hand on the face of the unrived body and cries out with joy, "she has a chin, she has a chin!"

Amidst general rejoicing, and triumphant exultations the curtain drops and all depart with feelings of complete satisfaction at the happy ending as some one is heard to say in English, "just as novels should end."—BELLE S. LUCKETT, Bradford, Ind.

INQUIRIES.

I read "Montana May's" advice to "Anxious Inquirer," in last week's BLADE, and was particularly interested in what she says about selling dried herbs to drug stores. Will she, or some one else, write, through the columns of this dear old paper, just how they are prepared for sale? I am quite anxious to know.—HELEN.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD send me, or tell me where I can get, what is called mole seed?"—R. J. WILKIN, Greenwood, Mo.

Will gladly pay postage to any one sending me a good little coat and pants' pattern for a boy 4 years of age.—Address, MRS. L. HISKEY, Lot, Whitley Co., Ky.

Will some one give a recipe for making good soap, such as we buy in the stores.—MRS. T. BISHOP, Warren, Oregon.

Many thanks to Miss Bouton for her timely hints and helps on things of everyday life. Where does Jennie of the pleasant home and climate live? Will the one who is to give us a cure for chicken cholera do so right away, that we may have the benefit before it is too late?—JENNIE C.

Will some one tell me how to preserve elderberries, or to make elderberry wine?—MARY.

Will Mabel, who sent the directions for double rosebud lace, in THE BLADE of April 18, please tell me what is meant by "pass s.," and how to do it. I would also like to say to Adele M. Deering that I sent, months ago, stamped envelope for pattern of ivy leaf lace, and have not yet received it. I noticed an apology in a recent number of THE BLADE for not sending pattern of English glove, but do not know whether she means fine ivy leaf lace, or some other pattern.—MRS. AUGUSTA J. GOULD, Pleasant Grove, Minnesota.

Will "Montana May" or some other kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD give some games that would be nice for old and young to play at church mites? We have played charades until there is no pleasure in them any more.

I should also like to have anyone that has vine seeds to spare send me some. Will return postage. Address IDA RAYMOND, Edna, Kansas.

Will some one kindly tell me what Gluten Flour is? What properties does it possess? And how is it used to reduce flesh? Is bread made of it, and how?—IGNORANCE.

Will some kind readers of THE BLADE please tell me how to start an oleander? My mother has tried it two or three times and has had no success.—ANNA.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

If MRS. G. M. D. will take musk melons about half ripe, slice them in strips about two or three inches long and just thin enough to cook well, prepare vinegar, sugar and spices as she would for spicing apples, etc.; cook together until the melons seem sufficiently tender, set away in a jar over night, pour the vinegar off and heat and pour over the melons again for three successive mornings, then let them stand for quite awhile before using, I think she will be pleased with the result.

If Mrs. Ben. J. Talbot will please send her recipe for tanning ground-squirrel hides, together with complete directions for making the rug, she will greatly oblige—ALICE, McDonald, Kas.

When "Subscriber" asked for "sunrise" quilt pattern, I suppose she meant "sun burst," given in the November number of the *Delineator*.

A dozen letters have come to me, and I see no other way of extricating myself than by referring them to the description given in THE BLADE of April 25.—MARY HALLOCK.

The one who wanted to know how to make her chocolate creams look glossy like those she bought, must remember that confectioners use a much better article of chocolate than can be had for home use. Sometimes cooking chocolate is better than at other times, and will leave them quite glossy, and sometimes adding a bit of butter, with the salt washed out, gives the desired gloss. If you live near a manufacturing confectioner, try and get some chocolate there, and see how much superior it is to what we buy at groceries.—MONTANA MAY.

I will tell "Subscriber of BLADE" how she can make nice extract of lemon. Take lemons and cut them in thin strips lengthwise and put in a pint bottle until half full then fill up with alcohol or whisky. Keep corked tight. I think it much better than that you buy. Would like to hear how you like it.—NEWCOMER.

"Lena" asks for a cure for hives. Here is a good cure: Take of epsom salts, two ounces, pure cream of tartar, two ounces, sulphur, one ounce; mix. Dose, one to two teaspoonfuls two or three times each day for several days; or sufficient to move the bowels freely once each day. Apply to the surface flour freely to relieve the rush; or, if this does not relieve it, try glycerine, two ounces, water 4 ounces, sugar of lead one-half drachm. Mix. Apply freely.—JEAN MARLE, Box 515, Lansing, Mich.

In answer to Lena for cure for hives, try making tea of saffron and sassafras. That cured it on our little girl.—M. B.

If Lena will put ten drops or more of carbolic acid into a half teacupful of water and apply with a soft cloth, the immediate pain will disappear. I do not know any positive cure.—MARY HALLOCK.

The corn festival is only suitable for cold weather, and will send it later. Will send descriptions of chocolate ten soon, and a Fourth of July sociable.—MONTANA MAY.

If Reader of THE BLADE, will please give her address, her question might be more easily answered.—FARMER.

I would say to those desiring to remove freckles, if they will wash in the dew every morning they will go away. May is the best time, but June will do. I have tried it and it was a success.—MAGGIE BEAMES, Avalon, Mo.

FAN SOCIABLE.

This is one of the prettiest of summer entertainments, and can be very simple or elaborate. Borrow, beg, buy, and make fans of all sorts and sizes, and decorate the walls with them. Very showy large fans can be made by pasting scraps of wall paper and any fancy paper, crazy fashion, upon large newspapers. Put a strip of bordering at the top edge. Fold into a fan and place in place upon the wall. Where it is possible, there should be a "fan drill" given, which is quite a feature, if well performed. A loan exhibition of fine fans is also a feature, but neither can be omitted without spoiling the effect. Japanese napkins are folded into fans and placed in the tumblers. The cakes are decorated with fans, and flowers served in paper fans are used to decorate the tables. Fans of flowers are hung from the chandeliers. If fancy work is sold, it consists of palmleaf fans decorated with ribbons, wall pockets, pen wipers, shaving paper, scent sachets, needle books and tidies, all in the shape of fans. Hand painted satin or gauze fans, Japanese fans, etc., are also sold. The waiters can dress as Japanese or in any way desirable, and should wear small fans in their hair and upon their dresses. These fans can be made of ribbon and sewed on.

MENU.

Fan sandwiches, pickles, pototo salad ice cream.

Fairy fans, salted almonds, iced tea, jelly cake, lemonade.

Fan sandwiches are made by cutting thin slices of bread in fan-shape, or by baking thin biscuit in fan-shape. In the potato salad the potatoes are cut three-cornered and are supposed to be fan-shaped.

Fairy fans are made by cutting a very rich cookey dough into fans, (any tinsmith can make the cutters). When cold ice with white and draw lines with brown, yellow or pink icing, to imitate the sticks to a fan.

Any kind of fresh fruit can be served. Watermelon cut fan style is nice in its season.—MONTANA MAY.

RECIPES.

GUOD GRAHAM CRACKERS.—Seven cupfuls of Graham flour, ½ cupful of melted butter, 1 cupful of sugar—brown or white, 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder, salt to taste. Wheat flour to roll out thin. Cut in squares and bake quickly.—LORISA A. HOLMES.

MY WAY OF MAKING VINEGAR.—Get 1 gal. of syrup that is quite clear. I presume that sorghum would be as good. Dissolve it thoroughly in 6 gals. of water. I put it in a 10 gallon cask and keep it in a warm place. Put in about a pint of soft yeast the first time you make in a cask. After you have made once or twice, and there is "mother" in the vinegar, it does not need yeast. There is no more necessity of a paper on the top of it, for the mother to gather on than there is of a paper on milk for cream to rise on. I have made vinegar by this rule for years and have never failed to have exceedingly strong vinegar.—MRS. O. C. TOOKER.

HAM TOAST.—Mince some boiled ham very fine, stir in a pint of cream, with pepper, musoard, butter and 2 eggs beaten; boil and pour over nicely browned toast. Set in the oven a few moments.

FRENCH TOAST.—Beat 3 eggs, add 1 pt. sweet milk, and a pinch of salt. Cut in slices, not much thick, a loaf of stale bread, dip in the egg, fry in hot butter, sprinkle with sugar and grated nutmeg.

BUTTER PIE.—One large tablespoonful of butter, mixed to a cream with ½ of a cupful of sugar, and a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Add 1 cupful and a little more of thick sweet cream. I have tried this and know it to be good.—MRS. L.

Will some one please send a recipe for ginger snaps such as we buy?—MRS. H. HARRISON, New Haven, Ind.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE please send directions to make French point lace? Would like some of the young folks to write to us. We are 17 and 18 years of age.—FLORENCE BAILEY and BERTHA JOHNSTON.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE who know of any Sunday school that have bought new books, that would be willing to donate their old ones to a new Sunday school that has just started and is not able to get the necessaries to keep a Sunday school going as they are in a newly settled country, write to me? You can send answers directly to N. E. Hawkins, secretary, or G. Holladay, superintendent, Bear Creek Sunday school, Moscow, Latoh county, Idaho.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ELDRED, PA.	FREEPORT, O.
Bennie Pepper	F E Guthrie
Maggie Bowes	JONESBURG, MO.
Lizzie Meadow	Nora Hayth
Sadie Marsh	Jennie Hayth
Mattie Banard	Emma Lavender
Annie Banard	Mattie Lavender
Jimmie Bowes	Alice Stearns
Mamie Dodd	Headlee Lavender
Inna Castle	Moses Lavender
John Dean	Walter Lavender
Dottie Lyon	Robert Lavender
Willie Hyde	Forrest Kimball
Hannah Pepper	GRASS LAKE, MICH.
Lucy Blake	George L Askew
Lena Armstrong	Mamie D Askew
Oreba Lewellyn	Roy S Hoyt
Mabie Lewellyn	Irving S Conwin
LUDELL, KAS.	Levi Watkins
Charley Chesmore	Minnie Merrimane
Willie Chesmore	Delia M Quick
Charley Sparks	Claribel May Parsons
Oliver Moyer	Zoe D Corwin
Charley Corny	Minnie Smith
Maggie Bailey	Ethel Cooper
Ella Bell	Alfie F Rogers
Myrile Chesmore	Bilia M Wilson
Jackson Chesmore	Grace Walker
Isaac Chesmore	Katie E Acley
Adolph Corny	Mame K Schemist
Walter Smith	Ocea Anna Evans
Bertram Forbes	Earl Smith
Lloyd Yocum	Harry Knight
Ebbie Goodin	Fred G Jones
Belle Moyer	WILSON, PA.
Linda Yocum	Lizzie Decker
Edith Chesmore	Annie Kelley
Walter Eakin	Wm Clearwater
Gertie Forbes	L Wellis Clearwater
Robert McKay	Bertha Clearwater
Nellie McKay	L J Carlson
James Yocum	Ellen Carlson
Rosa Eakin	H W Cameron
Inez Smith	Ralph Horton
Olive Blume	Starley Horton
Carl Blume	Arthur Bowers
Wm Blume	John Bowers
Rustella Spevacek	Frank Bowers
Anna Spevacek	Lena Clearwater
Mary Spevacek	J J Green
Asa Timbers	

Names this week, 96. Total 26,796.

The above embraces all names received up to May 17.

"A LITTLE SET O' PLAY-THINGS."

BY THEODORE F. MILTON.

I picked 'em up the other day,
When the earth was aglow
With the golden rays o' saulight,
In the west a-sinkin' low;
When the birds wuz sweetly singin',
Warblin' farewells to the light,
Singin' joy 'nd gladness,
Welcomin' the shade o' night.

Jes' a little set o' playthings,
Old 'nd bent 'an all worn out,
Ben' a-lyin' there quite useless
Since the time *she* runned about,
With her golden hair a-flowin'
Down around her wild 'nd free.
Full o' childish life, 'nd happy,
Playin' hide and seek with me.

I picked 'em up I say, 'nd then,
The world were'nt half so fair
Es before I came across 'em,
Jes' quite useless lyin' there,
'Nd I tried to hear the singin'
O' the birds to cheer my heart,
But their sad songs seemed to whisper,
'At the best o' friends must part,

So I fold my hands, 'nd prayin',
Try to keep the tears away,
Try to smile, 'nd wait with patience,
For the comin' o' that day,
When the sun'll sink forever,
Sink, o'ny to rise more bright,
Where, in the joys o' the day-time,
There's never a thought o' night.

For the Young Folks.

AN HOUR WITH THE ANTS.

SITTING on a pleasant veranda one warm summer afternoon with some friends, we were startled at seeing a piece of apple parsing moving across the floor. On stooping down to examine, we noticed several ants dart out from beneath, one or two going to the front and as many to the rear; those in front pulling and moving backwards, those in the rear pushing with all their might, till the burden was over the crack in the floor. Then they took their places with those beneath, acting as bearers. Soon another obstruction was reached, even worse than the first, but the process was repeated, each little worker moving as if all the success of the enterprise depended upon him. We were so interested in the little company that we never for a moment lost sight of them, nor did our attention seem to disturb them. Soon they had reached a threshold under which was a large crack, to which they were pushing, pulling and carrying their burden. But alas! the engineer had failed in his calculations, for the paring was too wide to be taken in. Consternation for a moment seemed to possess them. The whole body of workmen came from beneath, seized the object, turned it around and around, out all to no purpose. We wondered if they would not divide the piece and thus effect an entrance. But no, division was not in their plan. They seemed to deliberate a moment, then two of the number went off to reconnoitre. They returned almost immediately, with the air of a general who says to his soldiers, "I've found a pass by which we will cross the mountains." And sure enough the pass for this little army was found. Just to one side of the door-sill was an opening which freely admitted this winter store. How eagerly we watched that apple paring disappear! How gladly would we have followed this industrious company, and seen them put into their granary this precious harvest. We have often read with delight the story of Robert Bruce and the spider, as well as many others of like nature, but no story, written or unwritten, has ever so interested us. And yet on any summer's day we can find in watching bird, and bee, and insect, delightful recreation, learning from each, as well as from the ants, that success may be snatched from seeming impossibilities by perseverance.

WHY THE FROGS WERE MAD WITH BREK RABBITT.

Once when there was a lull in the talk, Lillian asked why the frogs made so much fuss.

"I speck it's kase dey er mad wid Mr. Rabbit," said Crazy Sue. "Dey er tryin' der best ter drive 'im outen de swamp."

"What are they mad at the Rabbit for?" asked Lucien, thinking there might be a story in the explanation.

"Hit's one er dem ole-time fusses," said Crazy Sue. "Hit's most too ole ter talk about."

"Don't you know what the fuss was about?" asked Lucien.

"Well," said Crazy Sue, "one time Mr. Rabbitt an' Mr. Coon live close ter one anudder in de same neighborhoods. How dey does now I ain't a-tellin' you; but in dem times dey want no hard feelin's 'twix' um. Dey des went 'long like two ole crontes. Mr. Rabbit, he wuz a fisherman, and Mr. Coon, he wuz a fisherman——"

"And put 'em in pens," said Lillian, remembering an old rhyme she had heard.

"No, honey, dey ain't no William-Come-Trimbletoe in dis. Mr. Rabbit an' Mr. Coon wuz bofe fishermans, but Mr. Rabbit, he kotch fish, an' Mr. Coon, he fished fer frogs. Mr. Rabbit, he had mighty good luck, an' Mr. Coon, he had mighty bad luck. Mr. Rabbit, he got fat an' slick, an' Mr. Coon, he got po' an' sick.

"Hit went on dis a-way tell one day Mr. Coon meet Mr. Rabbit in de big road. Dey shook han's dey did, an' den Mr. Coon, he 'low:

"'Brer Rabbit, whar you git sech a fine chance er fish?'

"Mr. Rabbit laugh and say: 'I jkotch um outen de river, Brer Coon. All I got ter do is ter bait my hook,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Coon shake his head an' 'low: 'Den how come I ain't kin ketch no frogs?'

"Mr. Rabbit sat down in de road an' scratched fer fleas, an' den he 'low: 'Hit's kase you done make um all mad, Brer Coon. One time in de dark er de moon, you slipped down ter de branch an' kotch de ole King Frog; an' ever sence dat time w'enever you er 'uz passin' by, you kin year um sing out, fus one an' den anudder—Yer he come! Dare he goes! Hit 'im in de eye; hit 'im in de eye! Mash 'im and smash 'im; mash 'im an' smash im! Yasser, dat w'at dey say. I year um constant, Brer Coon, and dat des w'at dey say.'

"Den Mr. Coon up an' say': 'Ef dat de way dey gwine on, how de name er goodness kin I ketch um, Brer Rabbit, I bleeze ter have sump'n ter eat fer me an' my fambly connection.'

"Mr. Rabbit sorter grin in de corner er his mouf, an' den he say; 'Well, Brer Coon, bein' ez you bin so sociable long wid me, an' ain't never showed yo' toofies w'en I pul yo' tail, I'll des whirl in an' he'p you out.'

"Mr. Coon, he say; 'Thanky, thanky-do, Brer Rabbit.'

"Mr. Rabbit hung his fish on a tree him', an' say: 'Now, Brer Coon, you bleeze ter do des like I tell you.'

"Mr. Coon 'lowed dat he would ef de Lord spared 'im.

"Den Mr. Rabbit say: 'Now, Brer Coon, you des rack down yander, an' git on de big sas'-bar 'twix' de river and de branch. W'en you git dar you mus' stagger like you sick, an' den you mus' whil roun' an' drap down like you dead. After you drap down, you mus' sorter jerk yo' legs once er twice, an' den you mus' lay right still. Ef fly an' den you mus' lay right still. Ef fly alight on yo' nose, let 'im stay dar. Don't move; don't wink yo' eye; don't switch yo' tail. Des lay right dar, an' 't won't be long 'fo' you year fum me. Yit don't you move till I give de word.'

"Mr. Coon, he paced off, he did, an' done des like Mr. Rabbit tol' 'im. He staggered 'roun' on de san'-bank, an' den he drapped down dead. After so long a time, Mr. Rabbitt come lopin' 'long, an' soon 's he git dar, he squall out, 'Coon dead!' Dis rousted de frogs, an' dey heads up fer ter see w'at all de rippet wuz 'bout. One great big green un up an' holler, 'w'at de matter? w'at de matter? He talk like he got a bad col'.

"Mr. Rabbit 'low: 'Coon dead!'

"Frog say: 'Don't believe it!' Don't believe it!

"'Yes,' frog say: 'Yes he is! Yes he is! Little bit er one say: 'No, he ain't! No, he ain't!

"'Dey keep' on 'sputin' an' 'sputin,' tell bimeby hit look like like all de frogs in de neighborhoods wuz dar. Mr. Rabbit look like he ain't a-yearnin' ner a-keerin' w'at dey do er say. He sot dar in de san' like he gwine in mournin' fer Mr. Coon. De frogs kep

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE ON 'NEW SPRINGS OF JOY'

As Caleb, the Father, Gave Achsah a Delectable Land to Live In, So God Has Given Man This World, a Goodly Home in Which to Dwell.

BROOKLYN, May 19.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day on "New Springs of Joy." The text was: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."—Joshua xv. 19.

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Aensah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter may ring, parents are always sad when a cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the desert of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears, because she was going away, that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

God Has Given us the World.

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and the blue skies are all very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery simoons; it is a "south land," a portion for dying men. But that is just in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows." Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he has dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but, having lost his seat in parliament, he says: "I must am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I arise in the morning the effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph, says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery of the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." Bridget says: "I wish I had never used to go no further than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Worldlings Are Not Really Happy.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed everywhither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that $50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only a hundred thousand dollars left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; but the close of his life he cries out: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh! my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father, Caleb, we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs, and the nether springs."

Blessed be God. We have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and verdies in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

The Pure Joy of Religion.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasures of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his sheperd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his body guard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of the angel blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn out coat," the angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps;" the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven;

It Makes a Man "All Right."

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

Happy in Life and Glad in Death.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man to leap as a hart and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourself with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God! my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven.

The Glories of Heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the first train starting. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and rises in the triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto fountains of water." Oh, Savior divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life. Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache, or twinge of rheumatism, or a homesickness. Not an inhabitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city, and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us, and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is buried into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good, he is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we would only get our idea about that future world well started, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad."

The Day of Deliverance is Coming.

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Bester scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not to-day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory hereafter?

Do Not Reject Christ.

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that can never be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as one puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put his shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say: "I mean to attend to that after a while; it is not just the time?" It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and he sent me here to confront you with this message; and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen, I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this; if a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the correct time, and now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ, who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

One Monday morning a friend of mind started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after sunrise, I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her silent form to come in. It is a long journey for one to take in one week—from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia into the great eternity! "What tny hand findeth to do, do it."

"BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many diseases which are only symptoms of kidney disease.

Montana Elections.

The Republicans concede the control of the Montana constitutional convention to the Democrats by from three to five majority. The *Herald*, Republican, figures the convention at 38 Democrats, 35 Republicans, 1 Labor and 1 Independent, but this is partly estimated. One district at Missoula is so close the official count will be needed to decide the election. The vote was light, to which fact the Republicans ascribe their defeat.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A Bad Hoof in Horse.

X. H., Morgantown, Kentucky: It is doubtful if the hoof of your horse can be restored as before it was injured. First, the foot was fast and got bruised so that the hoof came off. Before the new hoof hardened, a snag run through the foot from the frog to the hair in front of the hoof, leaving a deformity in the hoof. This abnormal growth is brittle. The structure of the foot around the navicular bone has very likely been permanently injured. If not, there may be some chance of partially, at least, restoring the hoof. Begin by removing the shoes and poulticing the foot with linseed meal. This should be done for ten days, keeping the poultice wet all the time. Then wash the foot with soap and water, pare down the frog, rasp off the abnormal growth, but do not make part very thin; also rasp off the quarters and open up the heels. Then apply this ointment to the hoof: Spirits of turpentine, ½ oz; pine tar, 4 fluid ozs.; whale oil, 4 ozs.; and if the weather is warm, mutton tallow, 2 ozs. Turn the animal out to grass for at least a month, but keep the hoof well covered with the ointment all the time. If you must keep him in a stall let the floor be of clay on which the front feet rest. Keep the quarters rasped down. After a month's time, if you find it necessary to use the animal, have the shoe fitted so that there will be but little strain on the back tendons of the leg.

Colt With Strange Disease—Horse Throws His Head as if Gad-Fly Were Near Him.

J. F. C., Johnstown, Missouri: It would be impossible to say precisely what is the matter with your colt. It is a case for an examination by a veterinary. It may be symptoms of strangles, vives or some foreign substance in his mouth. We advise you to examine his mouth carefully. You may detect a bit of wood splint, piece of straw or a milk tooth that is being pushed aside by second dentition. If nothing of this kind is found it may be vives. These are chronic enlargements of the lower jaw, enlarging on the cavity of the mouth. These may be cured by taking of tartar emetic, 2 drachms; lard, 1 oz.; olive oil, 1 drachm, rubbing the oil and tartar emetic together, until smooth, and adding the lard. Rub a little of this on every night until the skin is covered with pustules. Then wash off with soap and water, and if necessary after the pustules disappear, reapply. If the colt has "breding strangles," poultice under the jaws with linseed meal, and the part will soon point, when it may be lanced. Your horse that has a cough and shakes his head as if a fly were bothering him, may be troubled with toothache, or ulceration of the bronchial tubes. Examine his teeth very carefully. See if there are any rotten or black spots on them. Give him a dose of raw linseed oil—12 oz., in which there is stirred ½ oz. of saltpetre. After this, take of honey ½ ounce; tar, ½ ounce; a stick of licorice and ¼ oz. of powdered alum. Dissolve the liquorice in a little water and add to the other ingredients. Take a small paddle and put a little more than a teaspoonful on the back of the tongue of the horse once a day, until all used. Feed a bran mash twice a week, and dampen his oats and hay. Give no hay that looks mouldy, nor one to five weeks. Be careful of the animal's diet. Grass will do him good. We doubt if the trouble is in his ears, yet it will do no harm to examine them.

Cut on Wire.

J. M. J., Tascott, Kansas: For the cut made on your colt last July, that does not get well, take a sharp knife and scarify the sore downward. Do not cut deeply but make the cuts pretty close together. Then poultice the part with linseed meal poultice for about a day. Then wash off with soap and warm water, and after drying wash the part several times a day with powdered sulphate of zinc, 1 drachm; rain water, 1 pint. If this will not heal, there is something below the surface that may require the opening up of the cut to remove.

Thrush.

D. P. L., Battle Creek, Mich: When thrush has a local, not constitutional, origin it is readily cured. When local, it appears in one foot only; but when constitutional two or more frogs may be affected. Begin treatment by placing the foot or feet in poultice for 24 hours, after giving a cathartic of 3 drs. Barbadoes aloes, and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, in a pint of water. After poulticing, wash the feet with warm soapsuds water. Then remove all excessive growth. Clean the cleft of the frog by sec-sawing a little tow or soft muslin through it. Then mix calomel, ½ oz., sweet oil, 2 ozs., and thoroughly rub on this ointment and push well over the cleft of the frog and over other diseased parts. The whole should be covered with wood tar. Should the discharge stop too quickly, and inflammation be present, the leg may swell. In such case the discharge must be started again by placing the foot in a hot pultice. A thrush should not be stopped too suply. Feed animal on oats and good hay, and stand him in a clean stall in which there is a good supply of bedding.

Wart on Colt's Leg.

M. M., South Whitley, Ohio: For the wart that sometimes looks raw, and at others dry, first give the colt nine ounces of raw linseed oil if the colt is past two years of age, and about two-thirds this amount if under two years. After two or three days poultice the wart with linseed meal over which there is spread a full tablespoonful of charcoal and half that much burnt alum. After poulticing for two or three days, paint the wart with permanganate of potash. A few applications will kill the wart, if it is not of a cancerous nature. Give the colt in a warm mash every other day for four days half an ounce of sulphur. The quickest way to deal with a wart of this kind you name is, after giving the cathartic, to seize it with iron claws and cut it off with a red hot firing iron. Afterward touch the roots with a glass brush dipped in strong acetic acid.

Gapes in Little Chickens.

Mrs P. T., (state not given): Are you certain that your little chickens are suffering from gapes? May it not be that they are dying from lice on their heads? Lice get on the heads of little chicks and suck at them until the poor little things die. If there is the least suspicion of head lice rub their heads, especially from the base of the bill under the head, with unsalted lard. Also examine their bodies for the smaller lice. They are hard to detect. If they are dying from gapes, give each one 2 or 3 drops of kerosene oil (common lamp oil); put in their throats with a small feather. For grown birds several drops may be safely given. If we knew the old your chickens are we could advise you more intelligently. If they are half grown or older, by putting them in a barrel and covering it with coarse muslin, scattering some lime over it and tapping the muslin so that lime dust will fall into the barrel, forcing the chickens to inhale it, it will cure them. You should keep the coop scrupulously clean. Take an ounce of carbolic acid, stir it in water and sprinkle the floor of the coop well with it.

They Are Withheld.

Many persons asking for information in the Farm department request that their names be withheld, only the initials to be given. The name of no one is given in answering questions in this department, as it has been found satisfactory to all. In communications, the full name is given unless a request is made not to do so.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Get Rid of Sassafras Bushes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Tell E. Wilson, of Rumble, Ind., to pasture his sassafras bushes with sheep.—HERBERT WILSON, Rumble, Ind.

The Egg Plant.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to thank the FARM for so promptly answering my question in regard to the culture of the egg plant, last spring. It was my first trial and I had some nice fruit. JENNIE C. Thurman, Ill. [The editor is pleased to hear that Jennie has met with success.—ED.]

Field Peas.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some of THE BLADE readers please tell me all about raising field peas for hogs; how and when to sow; how much to the acre, and the probable cost, etc.?—W. C. BROWN, Amoret, Missouri.

How He Wore His Horses Out Listing Four Times.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice that Samuel Walker has asked for information in his article in THE BLADE. He asks how I wore my horses out listing four times last year. It is simple enough to explain. I commenced listing the first time in the beginning of April, but did not plant any. As I stated in my first article in THE BLADE, I began listing the second time April 25. That time I planted corn, but it was washed out, or under, by the rain, for some was level and some side hill ground, as stated in my first article. Then I commenced planting for the third time May 12, and with the same result. The fourth time I began June 4, and if I did not have time to wait ten days after each time I listed, I would like to ask Samuel how to count; but I cannot expect an answer as he said he would not answer my letter if I did not write my full name. I cannot see in what way my name concerns him, for I am no lister agent, nor do I wish to be; I do not care whether anybody knows my name or address, and now I claim I am right and brother Samuel is wrong on corn planting.

If he answers this letter he will have broken his promise. If he keeps silent, (according to the adage) silence is consent.—W. W., Kansas.

The Miller.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In BLADE of May 9 Miller ("J. A. I." of Indiana,) undertakes to score one for the milling association. He insinuates that farmer "Yellow Hammer" objects to the use of the grain tester. If the gentleman does, he is certainly in the wrong. The majority of the farmers are much in favor of grain testing, and that it should be graded. "J. A. I." makes the claim of "a class always going from one miller to another." This is true, and to a certain extent, they ought to go. If you will discover the facts in the case, or at least in many of them (not all) you will find just grounds for doing so. "J. A. I." jumps the difficulty, and well he might. Why not meet the question fairly, instead of attempting to prove the good matrons of Ohio and Indiana as a class of poor bread-bakers, and schooling them in yeastology. They are as good bread-bakers as you will find anywhere. The direct cause, in the majority of cases of this widely prevalent dissatisfaction, is receiving an inferior grade of flour, and not the proper amount of pounds per bushel. There are nine millers of every ten that take more pounds to the bushel of toll than allowed by the statutes.

In this county we have made a number of careful and accurate tests of all the mills, and in some of the adjoining towns—tests which, if necessary, would be received in any court trial, and have discovered to a certainty that we are often gulled when first-class wheat has been handed the miller. This is the case throughout Ohio, and we have no reason to doubt it being true in "J. A. I.'s" state and county. As the editor claims, "people are pretty much the same the world over." His sweeping statement, "they (the farmers) know how to run a grocery, how to farm, how to run a mill, how much we all make, etc., etc., if meant in its widest sense, is perhaps pardonable, as the gentleman seems to be living in the "forties" yet. We are farmers of to-day. Our knowledge of the worth of commodities, legitimate channels of trade, policies of politicians, progressive citizenship and different grades of flour is somewhat more extensive than formerly. We spend from $15 to $20 a year for reading matter (including THE BLADE). We purpose being some kind of a force in this grand old commonwealth, of living in the full sense of the term and want our manufacturers to succeed financially. We have knocked out some business inequalities in this country, and propose to knock out some more, inclusive of an inferior grade of flour from No. 1 wheat.—J. W. NICODEMUS, Van Wert, O.

Informing the Assessor—Thanks.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to thank Mr. Reynolds for seed sent. Farmers, why is it that we persist in telling the assessor how much corn, wheat, oats, etc., that we expect to put out? Do you not think it is injurious to us as farmers? Let us hear from you through THE BLADE, as the editor has kindly thrown his columns open to us. Let us make good use of them. I for one think it is time to stop it, and I have. I may come again if this meets with success.—J. M. J., Tascott, Kansas.

Discussing the Wheat Problem.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Some time ago Mr. Green, one of the contributors to THE BLADE FARM, expressed himself as desirous of discussing the wheat problem. I have been looking for its appearance, especially in the FARM, for with every other farmer here in Kansas, I feel a deep interest in the cultivation of wheat as a money crop, or a substitute to take its place, but so far we have heard nothing on that subject. Of course I do not know from what standpoint he desires to discuss it, but can imagine. Wheat raising in this part of Kansas, in the past few years, notwithstanding the supposed short crops, has been productive of but two things: First—Disappointment and chinch bugs. The former because is failed to come up to its old-time reputation as a profitable money crop, though lack of yield and price. In respects to the latter, it is a prolific nursery of the chinch bug pests. Even this spring, favorable as it has been as regards earliness and moisture, it has undoubtedly pre-empted the bulk of the crop in this vicinity, be it May or July. When the dry and hot winds blow from the south the bugs are masters of the situation, although the wheat is not headed. The leaves, all but the veins, look as if the "Sirocco of the desert" had seared them with its hot breath, verifying the old adage, that "man's extremity under such circumstances is the bugs' opportunity." There is no use in cavilling at the decrees of providence, or attempting to evade them. Neither can we turn aside natural laws and instincts, by annually raising certain crops, so that it may be the food and shelter when it leaves its winter quarters, where it has hybernated, and then complain. This do all who raise fall wheat. Take away from them wheat and oats, and you at once destroy their food and shelter, and their breeding grounds, from which come yearly myriads to prey on our corn fields. Now, although they rarely destroy the entire field of wheat or oats, yet they rarely fail to injure it to such an extent, that the farmer who would follow up exclusive wheat raising would soon be on the highway to bankruptcy. Notwithstanding this condition of things. There are those who claim for the bug the title of an original settler, and that the raising of small grain, in no wise enlarges his feeding grounds, when all intelligent farmers know the contrary; but if all such were compelled to keep up the debit and credit side of their ledgers on that particular crop, they would find their credits on the wrong side. Slowly, but none the less sure, has the chinch bug helped to multiply and increase the mortgages on our farms, and we continue to plod along in the same ruts without asking ourselves, "Is there no way out of this?" I would say there is. There are two or three crops that chinch bugs will not injure—flax, hemp, and castor beans, all of which can be successfully raised here, and with adequate protection the flax straw which now rots on our fields, would bring hundreds of thousands of dollars to the pockets of our farmers yearly. That is not all. With a higher protective duty on foreign raw flax and hemp, and the various articles into which they enter, manufactories will be erected to produce these same articles, giving employment to thousands of hands, many of which would be drawn from other overcrowded branches of manufacture, and hundreds of thousands of idle capital would find profitable investment, thus bringing to and giving a practical illustration of the beauties of protection to home industry to the farmers' door. The Republican farmer, from instinct and training, is a protectionist, and because of his steady adherence to one of the fundamental principles of his party, is deserving of having his interests more fully recognized in future than they have in the past. Wheat raising, except for home consumption, even were the chinch bug out of the way, is unprofitable, when brought into competition with the cheap wheats of India, Russia, South America and Australia, and each decade will widen the difference, as these countries will avail themselves of improved machinery, and in my humble opinion the sooner we cast about in order to find a profitable substitute, the more speedily and fully will our interests be conserved. WM. STINE, Wilsey, Kansas. [We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Green on the wheat problem. Mr. Stine has ably discussed the subject in the above communication, and we bespeak for it a careful reading. No one can sit down and read it over thoughtfully without feeling that Mr. Stine has a clear idea as to the future. The suggestion as to chinch bugs is excellent, and there can be no question that under proper protection by the government the industries of flax and hemp raising will be of large proportions.—ED.]

How to Kill Willows.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—About a year ago I wrote to THE BLADE for information on how to kill willows. My question was answered by four different parties. The first recommended pealing the bark from about four feet above the ground down to the ground, on the longest day of the year (June 21). The second recommended cutting the willow on the same day. The third recommended cutting in the dark of the moon in July. The fourth advised me to cut my willows in the dark of the moon in August. Before commencing wholesale operations upon my willows I determined to experiment upon a small portion of them. And for the benefit of those who wish to profit by others' experience, I here give the results of my experiments. Of those cut on June 21 about 95 per cent are dead, while those pealed on the same day are all dead, as well as those cut in the dark of the moon in July; but all of those cut in the dark of the moon in August have sprouted, and are thriving nicely. I would advise those wishing to get rid of the willow, to cut them down in the dark of the moon in July, as it is quicker and much easier done than pealing the bark.—W. W. BOAK, (by per). [Experiments like the above are valuable.—ED.]

—Two great enemies—Hood's Sarsaparilla and impure blood. The latter is utterly defeated by the peculiar medicine.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, May 18, says: Business reports this week are rather less encouraging, in spite of most satisfactory crop prospects at the west and the encouragement thereby given to all branches of trade.

At Omaha, great improvement in crop prospects and activity in building are reported, with money plentiful at lower rates, and at St. Paul, no change in the favorable prospect.

At Kansas City trade and collections are only fairly satisfactory; at Milwaukee collections are not improved; at Detroit trade and collections are "about fair" and money easy with moderate demand, and at Cleveland, while trade is a little larger than at this time last year and money is in active demand, the uncertainties of iron manufacture affect the prospect.

Rains in the northwest and continued improvement in crop prospects have been more potent in the wheat market than some increase in exports, and the price here has fallen 2¼c to 82¼.

Corn is also ⅝c lower and oats ⅝c.

A fall of 65c per 100 lbs. in hogs, and 3-16c in lard, with 2½c in butter, are the more important changes in that department.

The movement in groceries seems to be much larger than a year ago.

Wool is dull, spinners buying only according to immediate necessities, and there is much complaint of slow collections.

Money is not lacking, the treasury having paid out during the week nearly a million more than it has taken in, while foreign exchange is a shade lower than it was a week ago.

The exports of principal products for April, show an increase of 21 per cent over last year. For two weeks of May, the exports from New York have been $412,000, or nearly 4 per cent less than last year.

The business failures number 252, as compared with a total of 227 last week, and 214 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 186.

About Corn.

The following on the corn question appeared in the Baltimore *Journal of Commerce* on May 18: "The constant complaint of shippers is that they have not sufficient stock to work on nor tonnage immediately available to move it if they had, and that ocean freights must absorb part of every improvement in foreign markets. Amount on passage about 1,000,000 bushels less than last year. Values per bushel, say 20 cents less, and ocean freights are about six cents a bushel more nominally. Last year Atlantic ports claimed about one-quarter of the 51,000,000 shipped this year they have 1,250,000 of the 2,000,000. Who holds the key to the situation?"

The Crops.

Specials to the Minneapolis *Tribune* report cold rains all over the northern and central portions of the state. The chinch bugs, wherever they were getting active, seemed to have been chilled to death, or drowned. The plaster of mud has been formed over the ground recently plowed, to kill the grasshoppers, in Otter-tail county, and the pests are sealed up and will probably die without showing a head above ground. Farmers and loggers are jubilant. The farmers claim there is enough water in the ground to last for six weeks or two months. The outlook is for a large crop in fine shape, and promise a grand harvest, if there is no bad luck from summer frosts.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

A New York Editor Gives His Opinions to the Blade's Correspondent.

"What is the business outlook for the summer of 1889?" I inquired of Mr. W. S. George, editor of the *Financier*.

"My opinions upon this matter are founded upon the existing condition of things in the present time. I am tired of banking on futures that are never realized. The *Financier* is one of the few papers in the country that keeps pegged in calling things by their right names, and in the light of the present it will hardly do to paint the stock markets a rosy red. I presume that this will be a fair business year, but I don't imagine that it will bring forth all that is expected of it. All the New York papers except the *Times* are indulging in dreams of future financial prosperity, but these dreams are not based upon the reports of the commercial agencies or the crop reports.

"There is one thing that will tend to help business, in the Northwest especially. That is the opening up of four new states. The history of the settlement and development of states and territories will be repeated on a grand scale in the West, this year. The admission of the new states will tend to advance the developement of that section. Travel will be in that direction, and the people of the new states will enjoy what they call a 'boom.' The movement in the direction of Oklahoma and the Southwest will also benefit the West, and the people in that part of the Union should have good cause to remember the political and business prosperity of 1889."

By this it will be seen that one of the most conservative of the leaders of thought in financial circles, though not given to booming of stocks at present, at least recognizes and rejoices in the coming prosperity of the great West.

New York dealers all declare that this year has been far more prosperous than last. This is an opinion not based upon published reports but upon the sale of goods. Many merchants with whom I conversed upon this subject say that business is at least 25 per cent better this year than last.

Some of the causes of this improvement can easily be found floating along on the surface. Others must be sought deep down in the business heart of the country.

Causes and Effect.

It will be remembered by the people of the East, at least, that last spring's trade had only fairly opened up when New York and other Atlantic cities suffered that terrible blizzard, completely prostrating business for a week. And the effect was felt throughout the entire spring, if not the entire year.

Then came the Presidential campaign. Presidential years are always hugaboos with business men, especially manufacturers and jobbers, and the last year had a peculiar depressing effect upon trade because of the agitation of the tariff and widespread fear that the Mills bill might become a law. Many who would not have objected to a change in the tariff could they have been prepared for it, nevertheless objected to being caught with a large stock on hand—stock that they feared might be supplanted by imported goods. So they refused to buy except in small quantities until this vexed question was settled for four years more at least.

The campaign settled, business again returned to the old channels and the old lines, and many business men have scarcely stopped to breathe a sigh of relief, but have hurried on to make purchases and sales. Some of last year's business, curtailed by the tariff agitation, is being transacted this year, and that helps to swell the entire volume of trade for the year.

There is another interesting cause which has cut quite a figure in the business transactions of the year, especially locally, and that is the centennial celebration. There is no doubt but that event put in circulation here in New York more money than George Washington and the Continental Congress had to spend on the country during the entire war for independence. When the prices paid for centennial seats and windows, and the hundreds of thousands who occupied them is taken into consideration, when the million visitors who were compelled to find food and shelter are remembered, when the vast amounts spent for necessaries and luxuries of life by the guests of the city and the shopping expedition of the strangers from all over the continent is noted, no one will doubt that the centennial celebration was a Godsend and a windfall to the people of New York. And they have been the better and happier for it ever since.

OHIO POLITICS.

The Republican Convention Goes to Columbus.

After a long discussion the Republican state committee selected June 25 and 26 as the time of holding the Republican state convention, and Columbus as the place.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE DEAD.

The Minister to Russia Expires in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Allen Thorndike Rice, the newly appointed minister to Russia, died suddenly on May 16, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, where he was a guest. Mr. Rice had been suffering from a throat affection for a few days, but was not supposed be in any danger. He intended to sail for Europe on the 15th, in the Inman steamer City of Paris, but was compelled to delay his departure owing to his sickness.

Dr. Fuller says the glottis swelled suddenly and shut off the breath. Such cases are of very rare occurrence, and in this instance was unlooked for, though every precaution had been taken. Mr. Rice's luggage had partly been sent abroad. Dr. Fuller had expected he would be able to sail Saturday.

The funeral of Allen Thorndike Rice took place at Grace church, Broadway and Tenth street, at 10 a. m., on May 18. The pallbearers were: Vice President Levi P. Morton; Walker Blaine, representing the department of State, Gen. W. T. Sherman, ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, Pierre Lorillard, Chauncey M. Depew, S. H. Olin, Wm. Jay, Wm. P. Douglass, W. W. Astor.

The remains were encased in a casket of solid rosewood, on which was a plate bearing the name of the deceased, the date of his birth, and the date of his death.

The casket was completely covered with flowers. All these were carried to the church with casket and other emblems awaited it there.

Among the gifts of flowers, was one from President and Mrs. Harrison.

[Allen Thorndike Rice was born in Boston June 18, 1853. At the age of 9 years he was taken abroad and for five years lived in Europe. In 1867 he returned to the United States and remained here until 1871, when he went to England and was graduated at Oxford in 1875. On his return to the United States he entered as a student the Columbia Law school. In 1876 he bought the *North American Review*, of which he has since been the editor. He organized in 1879 and subsequently directed the Charnay expedition which was despatched under the joint auspices of the United States and France to investigate, systematically, the remains of ancient civilization in Central America and Mexico. In 1881 he bought a controlling interest in *La Matin*, one of the chief papers of Paris. He always has been actively interested in politics and in 1886 ran on the Republican ticket for Congress, but was defeated by local political leaders. A controversy succeeded, which result d in the expulsion of Mr. Rice's opponents from the Republican organization. This event turned his attention to the Australian system of voting, which he was the first to recommend for adoption in the United States, and mainly owing to his advocacy a demand for ballot-reform was reported in the platforms of

WASHINGTON---Continued.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on May 15:

George B. Randolph, Anniston, Ala.; Earle Doud, Sheffield, Ala.; Jefferson J. Sims, Oxford, Ala.; John S. Parker, Paragould, Ark.; William W. Stout, Morrilton, Ark.; James L. Dryden, Coronado, Cal.; Charles W. Ramer, Fort Collins, Colo.; James H. Shepard, Idaho Springs, Colo.; George W. Dobbler, Youma, Colo.; James H. Scott, Sterling, Colo.; David L. Clinton, Clintonville, Conn.; George H. Rottler, Galena, Ill.; Henry C. Robinson, Grand Crossing, Ill.; Debra Hill, Oak Park, Ill.; Granville B. Ward, Monticello, Ind.; Felix Shumate, Lebanon, Ind.; John W. Anderson, Spencer, Ind.; James A. Perry, Au Sable, Mich.; Adam Beattie, Ovid, Mich.; John McQuillin, Emporia City, Iowa; John A. Riggen, What Cheer, Iowa; Albert C. Hotchkiss, Adel, Iowa; Reuben Heffelinger, Denison, Iowa; Henry Egbert, Davenport, Iowa; George N. Stille, Unionville, Mo.; Edwin C. Fichler, Kirksville, Mo.; Edward C. Lance, Lancayne, Kas.; Nelson D. Adams, Scott, Kas.; James A. Goddard, Morristown, Tenn.; William W. Barber, Decatur, Texas, William J. W. Coden, Wheeling, W. Va.

The President made the following appointments on May 16:

SOLOMON HIRSCH, of Oregon, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Turkey.

CLARKE E. CARR, of Illinois, to be minister resident and consul general of the United States to Denmark.

H. W. SEVERANCE, of California, to be consul of the United States at Honolulu.

JOHN JARRETT, of Pennsylvania, to be consul of the United States at Birmingham.

T. H. SHERMAN, of the District of Columbia, to be consul of the United States at Liverpool.

The President made the following appointments on May 17:

AMOS SMITH, Jr., of Ohio, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Cincinnati.

D. W. McCLUNG, of Ohio, to be collector of internal revenue for the First district of Ohio.

CHAS. SWAYNE, of Florida, to be United States district judge for the northern district of Florida.

WM. G. LEE, of New Mexico, to be associate justice of the supreme court of the territory of New Mexico.

JOHN W. WHITCHER, of Nevada, to be United States attorney for the district of Nevada.

JOHN MURPHY, of Dakota, to be attorney for the territory of Dakota.

RICHARD L. WALKER, of Kansas, to be United States marshal for the district of Kansas.

JACOB YOES, of Arkansas, to be United States marshal for the district of Arkansas.

JAS. W. SAVAGE, of Omaha, Neb., to be a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

JAMES H. MILLS, of Montana, to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Montana.

J. R. LYNCH, of Mississippi, to be fourth auditor of the treasury.

L. W. HATERCOM, of District of Columbia, to be fifth auditor of the treasury.

Postmasters.

EDWARD H. HOSMER, at Youngstown, O.
HENRY S. BENNETT, at Evansville, Ind.
JAMES H. CLUGAGE, at Sullivan, Ind.

The President made the following appointments on May 20:

To be Receivers of Public Moneys.

THOS. D. BAUMGARNER, of Arkansas, at Dardanelle, Ark.

HENRY C. PICKELES, of Delaware, at Folsom, New Mexico.

FRANK LESNET, of New Mexico, at Roswell, New Mexico.

To be Registers of Land Offices.

W. P. ALEXANDER, of Colorado, at Del Norte, Colo.

JOHN H. MILLS, of New Mexico, at Roswell New Mexico.

To be Indian Agents.

JAMES BLYTHE, of North Carolina, at the Eastern Cherokee agency, North Carolina.

JOHN FISHER, of Wyoming Territory, at the Shoshones, Wyoming Territory.

The President made the following appointments on May 21:

JOHN W. MELDRUM, of Laramie, Wyo., to be secretary of Wyoming.

ORRIN W. BAIR, of Dakota, to be receiver of public moneys at Huron, Dak.

JAMES H. GUSNER, of Warsaw, Ind., to be Indian inspector.

J. C. LUCKEY, of Oregon, to be agent for the Indians of the Warm Springs agency in Oregon.

MALACHI MILLER, of Petersburg, Ind., to be a special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to Indians, under the provisions of an act of Congress approved February 8, 1887.

The Arid Lands.

The Senate at its last session appointed a committee to investigate the question of the irrigation and reclamation of arid lands, consisting of Senators Stewart, of Nevada; Plumb, of Kansas; Allison, of Iowa; Hiscock, of New York; Gorman, of Maryland; Reagan, of Texas, and Jones, of Arkansas.

The committee will commence their work on the first of August next, starting from St. Paul, Minn. They expect to spend ten weeks in the field and will visit Northern Dakota, Montana, Idaho (as far as Snake river basin), Utah, Nevada, California, Arizona, southwestern Texas (along the valley of the Rio Grande, from San Antonio to El Paso), thence by the Ft. Worth & Santa Fe railroad across the staked plains to the Panhandle region, and part of southwestern New Mexico. They will go through that territory to southwest Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming.

The committee will be accompanied by Maj. Powell, director of the geological survey. Mr. Richard J. Henton, who prepared for the department of Agriculture a report on "Irrigation in the United States," published by the United States senate in 1887, accompanies the special committee as expert, having been appointed irrigation engineer in the United States geological survey.

Paraguay.

United States Consul Hill, in a report on the condition of Paraguay, states that of the entire population but 32,447 Paraguayans and 3,816 foreigners know how to read and write, leaving the number of illiterates as follows: Paraguayans who are unable to read and write, 199,431; foreigners in the same condition, 4,070. There are, therefore, of the inhabitants only about 15 per cent who are able to read and write.

England furnishes 48 per cent of the total imports, and, besides a few agricultural implements and a little lumber, none of the imports come from the United States. Women do the work, and the men do the smoking, gambling and cock fighting. The people are a happy, contented set, without aspirations, and as indifferent to us as we are towards them.

The Seal Fishers.

Inquiry at the department of state based upon the report from Ottawa that a British war vessel is to be sent to Behrings Sea, to investigate seizure of illegal sealers, elicits the fact that nothing has been done by this government in the matter since the issue of the President's proclamation which distinctly notified all nations of the intention of the United States to protect the seal and fish life from depredation. It is presumed that the treasury department, through the revenue marine service, will carry out the provisions of the statutes enacted to that end. At present the only government vessels in Alaskan water are revenue cutters, but they will soon be reinforced by the man-of-war "Thetis," which is now at San Francisco preparing for a summer cruise.

The American Hog.

The chief of the bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of the exports of beef and hog products from the United States during the month of April, 1889, and during the four months ended April 30, 1889, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding periods of the preceding year, were as follows:

April, 1889, $8,388,602; April, 1888, $6,898,042; four months ended April 30, 1889, $36,222,762; four months ended April 30, 1888, $26,103,846.

The values of the exports of dairy products were as follows:

April, 1889, $420,021; April, 1888, $302,784; twelve months ended April 30, 1889, $10,011,500; twelve months ended April 30, 1888, $10,673,385.

Jenks is Out.

The President accepted the resignation of Judge Geo. A. Jenks as solicitor general of the department of Justice, to take effect May 15.

Mr. Jenks resigned upon the change of administration, but was requested to remain in office until the close of the existing term of the supreme court.

Judge Jenks will be retained in the service of the government as counsel in the telephone cases. It is expected that an appointment as solicitor general will be made this week.

Randall Improving.

Hon. S. J. Randall, who has been confined to the house several weeks, is convalescing rapidly, and expects to be out shortly. His appetite is good, and a gentleman who saw him recently says he looks as well as at any time during the last session of Congress. Mr. Randall will probably spend the summer at the sea shore.

Standard Silver Dollars.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended May 18 was $394,888. The issue during the corresponding period of last year was $327,888. The shipments of fractional silver coin since the 1st instant amounted to $335,949.

YALUABLE STATISTICS.

The May Report of the Agricultural Department.

The May report of the statistician of the Agricultural department contains the result of the investigation of the deficiencies of surplus of each European nation, especially in the production of American agricultural products that seek foreign markets. As a single year's data would be misleading the average imports and exports of 10 years are taken to obtain the net deficiency of surplus. The net European deficiency is thus shown as to the cereals, fibers, butter, cheese, etc., in connection with European production.

The question of possible enlargement of exportation in quantity and variety is canvassed and the opportunities for displacing any importation by enlarged production is pointed out. The investigation was made pursuant to a resolution passed at the National Grange, held in Topeka, Kas., last fall.

Some of the figures given in the statement prepared by Mr. Dodge are startling. As to wheat, he says that Europe is practically the only market that America can have for this cereal and she imports only 144,000,000 bushels a year, raising 1,200,000,000 bushels herself, more than half the world's crop and twice that of all America.

Of the European deficiency the United States supplies 95,000,000 bushels. Only Great Britain, Belgium and Portugal, of all European nations, do not produce enough butter. To make up the deficiency, 25,000,000 pounds, the United States exports 24,000,000. It requires 140,000,000 pounds of cheese to supply the European defeiency, of which 118,000,000 are furnished by the United States. Of course Europe has to import all her cotton, the largest annual imports being 2,626,000,000 pounds. The United States sends her 1,850,000,000 pounds. Tobacco is desired for two reasons—it is cheap and very desirable for fortifying the European product. So the United States furnishes 242,000,000 pounds of the annual deficiency of 324,000,000 pounds.

Europe rests from South America, Asia, Africa and Australia two or three times as much wool as she imports from the United States. The net deficiency of Europe is 780,000,000 pounds, slightly more than is produced there. The United States produces four-fifths of the wool manufactured here. The aim of the wool-growers of this country is to supply the home manufacturer if possible; never to export raw wool. If there ever shall be a surplus it will bring more money to the wool-grower if sent abroad in the manufactured form.

The United States imports net 69,000,000 pounds of wool every year.

In conclusion the statistician says: "About one-tenth of our agricultural products is exported. No other nation exports so large a proportion. Yet the articles shipped abroad are few. They are cotton, tobacco, meats, breadstuffs and cheese. All other articles together are but three per cent of the exports. Enlargement of the surplus must inevitably reduce the price both at home and abroad."

WHO WILL BE ADJUTANT?

General Drum to Be Retired Next Week —Candidates for the Place.

The contest over the vacancy that will be created in the army next week by the retirement of Adjutant General Drum, on account of age, is waxing hot, and forms the main topic of officers' gossip at present. It is generally conceded that the chances for the adjutant generalship lie between Colonels Kelton and Whipple.

The former is now on duty here as first assistant adjutant general, and the latter is at Governor's Island.

Although Col. Kelton is the younger man he outranks Col. Whipple, and is at the head of the list of assistant adjutants, and the usual course of army promotion would bring him to the fore especially in view of the fact of his extended experience of late at the head of the corps in the absence of Gen. Drum.

But there is a precedent in a somewhat similar case, which led to the selection of Gen. Parke as the head of the inspectors' board, and over Gen. Jones, who outranked him, although he was younger.

On the other hand there is the case of Gen. Casey and Gen. Parke, in the contest for the position of chief of engineers.

Casey was the younger man but outranked Parke owing to the change he made from the topographical engineers to the engineer corps.

The retirement of Gen. Drum will cause the promotion of Lieut. Col. Ruggles to be colonel, and Maj. H. C. Corbin to be lieutenant colonel, leaving a vacancy in the list of assistant adjutant generals with rank of major, for which there is a bitter strife among a large number of captains.

The Campaign of '40.

There have been received at the White House since President Harrison's occupancy, many souvenirs of the campaign of 1840 and of the President's grand-father, Gen. William Henry Harrison. They fill a large box, which has just been packed and sealed and laid away. One of the most interesting of these is an old-fashioned, green, paper-covered pamphlet, bearing the title, "Sketch of the Indian Tribes of the Miami Valley, by William Henry Harrison." The title page states that it was printed by the request of the Ohio Historical society before whom it was evidently delivered as an address by the author in 1839.

Accompanying the text is a profile map of the Miami and Ohio rivers around North Bend, showing the location of the residence of Gen. William Henry Harrison, and also that of John Scott Harrison, the birthplace of President Harrison. On the front page is written the words: "J. Fennimore Cooper, with the compliments of the author."

The pamphlet came from Cooperstown, N. Y., and evidently had been secured from the great novelist's papers after his death.

Free Delivery.

The free delivery service will be established at the following named postoffices July 1, 1889: Arkansas City, Kas.; Urbana, O.; Butte City, Mont.; Pasadena, Cal.; Fresno, Cal.; Hazleton, Pa.; Ypsilanti, Mich.

THE SIOUX.

They are Preparing to Settle a Part of Their Land.

A despatch received on May 15 from Yankton Indian agency says that the Sioux Indians at that place are preparing to negotiate with the government for the sale of about seven townships of the north part of their reservation. Engineers are now at work surveying the agency and the Indians are selecting their land in severalty.

The reason assigned for selling this land is that their treaty with the United States only allows them $15 per annum, and their present treaty will soon expire.

The tract embraces some of the wildest land in South Dakota, and a rush of settlers is expected to follow its opening to homesteaders, which will probably be within 30 days. These lands will furnish homes for 1,000 families, allowing each 160 acres.

The Sioux commission will begin work at the Lower Brule and Crow Creek agencies. They will probably arrive in Chamberlain, Dak., the 30th or 31st, and cross the Missouri there to the Lower Brule, where they begin operations. This is considered a good move, as no trouble will be met with in securing virtually all the signatures at these two agencies.

AGAINST THE DEAL.

Chief Mays Appoints an Anti-Allotment Commission.

A deputation of Osages, consisting of Euzatah-Wah-Tah-Inkah, Governor Fall, Chief Lieut. Governor Savey, and Nekah-Wah-Skin and Ton-kah, leading councilmen, accompanied by W. H. Matthews, attorney and interpreter, are on their way from Cedar Valley, Kansas, to Tahlequah, to meet in council with the Cherokees in regard to the government bill for the opening of the Cherokee lands.

A deputation was designated by Chief Mayes of the Cherokees, in a letter to the Osage council, specifying names of the people he wanted sent.

They are to a man opposed to selling any of their lands or any scheme for allotment.

They are staunch friends of the cattlemen and will oppose anything that will work against the leases they have. They take with them patents to their land and other documents and are prepared for a fight.

A Roman Catholic Council.

The fifth provincial council of Cincinnati (Roman Catholic), which includes the states of Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, begun its sessions on May 20, which will continue for perhaps a week. It is called to consider morals, and educational questions pertaining to the church, but has no jurisdiction over doctrine, and its decrees are void until approved by the Pope.

Sessions are held in secret, and the proceedings are in Latin.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE SAMOAN CONFERENCE.

The Question of Who Shall be King at Apia.

The special correspondent at Berlin of the Associated Press learns that a serious hitch has occurred in the negotiations between the commissioners to the conference on Samoan affairs.

The United States government insists that Malietoa be restored as king. This is the chief point at issue.

The German government is reluctant to agree to that proposition. Its representatives point out that Germany has pardoned Malietoa and declare that they think that that is the best their government can do as far as he is concerned.

The Council at Apia.

The sub-committee of the Samoan conference at Berlin decided on May 15 that the municipal council at Apia shall comprise six members, Germany, England and the United States each to appoint one member. The other three members shall be elected by the residents of Apia.

This decision displeases the British commissioners, who call it the Pheips compromise. Mr. Pheips, although not a member of the sub-committee, was asked to attend its last meeting.

One Hundred and Sixty Thousand People Suffering.

Distress is beginning to be felt in the German coal districts in consequence of the strike of the miners. A committee has appealed for funds, and a number of Westphalia newspapers have opened subscription lists. The number of strikers and their dependents is estimated at 100,000. Hundreds of miners have resumed work under the protection of troops, and many other strikers are wavering. The employers in the Witten district have offered to increase wages without altering the hours of labor, and the offer may possibly be accepted.

The strikers' committee has issued placards urging the strikers to maintain peace. Placards have been posted in many places warning peaceful citizens to remain in doors after sunset. A number of placards have also been posted urging the strikers to commit violence. These latter are attributed by some to the Socialists, and by others to the socialists, and by still others to women opposed to the strike.

Miners' Wages.

The acceptance of a reduction of ten cents a ton for mining coal by the miners of Gallitzin, or the mountain region, is causing uneasiness on the part of the miners of the Clearfield and Beech creek regions, Pennsylvania.

Efforts are to be at once made by the officers of N. T. D., 1135, K. of L., to restore the rate at Gallitzin and along the Bell's Gap railroad in order to prevent any possibility of a reduction in Clearfield and Center counties.

The rate paid in these counties is 50 cents a gross ton; at Gallitzin 45 cents, and along the Bell's Gap railroad 40 cents. The leading operators in the Clearfield region are well satisfied to pay the 50-cent rate provided the operators in the other regions pay as much.

Masons on a Strike.

Ta ree thousand masons in Berlin have gone on a strike. They demand that their hours of labor be nine per day, and that they be allowed half an hour for breakfast, an hour for dinner and an hour for supper. They also demand that work be suspended an hour earlier on Saturdays and the evenings preceding public holidays, and that they receive full pay for these days the same as for other days. They further demand an increase of from 50 to 60 pfennigs per day in their wages and that they be given two weeks notice of discharge.

German Labor Troubles.

The *North German Gazette* (Prince Bismarck's organ), in an article refuting an assertion of the Cologne *Gazette*, that the condition of affairs in Westphalia, arising from the miners' strike, does not warrant the proclamation of a state of siege in that province, says: "The proclaimed states act, under which a state of siege is proclaimed, applies to the present case in Westphalia, but the government has not yet enforced the provisions of the act, owing to motives of expediency."

It also points out that the constitution empowers the emperor to proclaim martial law in any district, if the public peace is threatened.

Resumed on Tuesday.

The delegates of the Beechum strikers decided to resume work on Tuesday. The strike continues at Wurm, the owners refusing to concede the demand of the miners.

Humbert in Berlin.

King Humbert, the crown prince of Italy, and Signor Crispi, the Italian prime minister, arrived in Berlin on the 21st. They were met at the railway station by Emperor William, the Royal Princes, Prince Bismarck and a number of generals.

After embraces, the party drove to the royal castle. King Humbert occupied a seat beside the Emperor in the imperial carriage. The route to the castle was lined with troops. Triumphal arches spanned the streets and the houses were decorated with flags and bunting.

Republics Against Monarchies.

The banquet given in honor of the French Cabinet on Saturday by the delegates of the American Republic taking part in the exhibition, seemed to be a demonstration of republics against monarchies. All the European ambassadors were invited to attend the banquet, but with the exception of the Belgian minister, who was present, they consulted their governments, and were ordered to ignore the invitation. The Brazilian minister also held aloof.

Mr. McLane, who presided at the banquet, was supported by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new United States minister to France.

The Czar Badly Rattled by Visions of Dynamite.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that it has been discovered that the conspiracy among military officers against the Czar, which was recently unearthed in that city, has many and widespread ramifications. Officers of regiments stationed in Moscow and Warsaw have been found to be in the plot, and three of them have committed suicide.

A bomb was found in the room of one of officers in Warsaw. Hundreds of the conspirators have been placed under arrest.

The discovery of the plot has completely unnerved the Czarina.

The Shah's Journey.

The Shah has arrived at Tiflis and is stopping at the imperial palace there. He was enthusiastically welcomed on his arrival, and at night the city was illuminated in his honor.

It is reported that the Czar will meet the Shah of Persia, who is about to visit him, twenty miles outside of St. Petersburg, and that the two monarchs will go directly to the Gatschina palace. The original intention was to give the Shah a grand reception at St. Petersburg. The change of programme is said to be due to fear of a nihilist plot.

Floods in Austria.

The latest reports from the flooded districts in Austria show that the loss of life is much greater than was supposed. The rivers are still greatly swollen. In many places the bursting of dykes have flooded the surrounding territory and utterly destroyed the crops. Many narrow escapes from death are reported. The deepest distress prevails throughout the submerged districts and steps are being taken to relieve the immediate wants of the sufferers.

The Queen Was There.

Queen Victoria, on May 18, laid the foundation stone of the new buildings which are to be erected at Eton in connection with the college there. The boys attending the college presented her majesty with an address, to which the queen replied in a brief speech. Upon the conclusion of her remarks she was heartily cheered.

Ireland's Viceroyship.

Referring to the report concerning the abolition of the viceroyship of Ireland, *United Ireland* says: The viceroyship, although degraded, must be maintained, as it is a sign of Ireland's separate nationality.

In and Out.

President Carnot on May 20 gave an audience to Mr. Lane, the retiring U. S. Minister, who presented his lotters of recall. On the 21st President Carnot received Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new minister, who presented his credentials.

Will Banquet Sherman.

The radical members of the House of Commons propose to give a banquet in honor of Senator Sherman on his arrival in London.

GENERAL NEWS.

OVER THE FALLS.

Steve Brodie's Leap Made in Safety on Tuesday.

Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, jumped over Passiac Falls on May 20, and came off without damage. For the past three months Brodie has entertained an insane idea that it was necessary in order to perfect his record as a jumper from high elevations, to rival the late lamented Sam Patch by jumping from some of the places which the latter had honored by his presence.

This idiotic whim culminated about March 1 in an extensive trip to Rochester, where he was only deterred from jumping over the Genesee falls by the fact that there was only 5 feet of water under them.

It will be remembered that Patch lost his life at this place by jumping from a platform erected at one side the falls, and that his body was not recovered for several days.

After failing in this endeavor Steve looked with longing eyes toward the Passaic falls, over which Patch jumped with safety.

He made an investigation of the falls and decided it could be done, and accordingle he did it.

MINING TROUBLE.

John McBride on an Agitating Tour Through the Land.

John McBride, of Columbus, president of the National Miners' Progressive union, has been in Streator, Ills., trying to make some settlement between the miners and operators of Northern Illinois. In this he has not been successful.

The policy of the miners, as outlined by Mr. McBride, is for the miners of Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania to unite in supporting the miners of Indiana in a strike against their 15-cent reduction. This cannot be done by the Illinois miners, unless their operators pay nearly the same scale as they did last year.

BURNING COTTON.

A Spanish Steamer in a Bad Fix at Sea.

The Spanish steamer Empena, Capt. Bengochea, from New Orleaus April 28, via Newport News, for Liverpool, arrived at Queenstown on May 18 with the cotton in her fore and main holds burning. The fire had been burning for two days. The flames spread rapidly and and it was found necesary to jettison 140 bales of the burning cotton.

Three seamen were overcome and rendered senseless by the smoke and heat. The deck of the steamer had started in several places.

BISHOP TUIGG DYING.

Completely Unconscious, the Reverend Gentleman is Passing Away.

Right Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of the Pittsburg diocese, Roman Catholic church, is thought to be dying. He is lying at the parsonage of the St. John's church, Altoona, Pa., surrounded by many priests of the diocese.

[Bishop Tuigg was ordained a priest 40 years ago, and was consecrated bishop of Pittsburg in 1876. In November, 1882, he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered.

Kemmler's Death Warrant.

The death warrant of William Kemmler, of Buffalo, the first man convicted under the electrical execution law in New York, has been signed, and he will be taken to Auburn state prison in a few days. The warrant is directed to the warden of Auburn prison and provides that the sentence be executed, "Upon some day within the week commencing Monday, the 24th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1889, and within the walls of Auburn state prison or within the yard or enclosure adjoining thereto, by then and there causing to pass through the body of him, the said William Kemmler, a current of electricity of sufficient intensity to cause death, and that the application of such current of electricity be continued until said William Kemmler be dead."

Great Time.

The new twin screw steamer of the Hamburg Packet line, the Augusta Victoria, has just completed the most remarkable, becausethe fastest, first trip ever made across the Atlantic by any steamer. The new racer made the voyage from Hamburg to New York, a distance of 3,048 miles, in 8 days, 1 hour an equivalent of 6 days, 2 hours, from the Fastnet to New York. Taking off four hours which the steamer was detained on the 17th and 18th because of heated journals, and the actual time between the Fastnet and Sandy Hook lightship would be 5 days, 22 hours, 30 minutes, or better than the great voyage of the new ocean greyhound, the City of Paris.

Wanamaker's Plan.

The second annual distribution of profits at John Wanamaker's establishment in Philadelphia took place on May 17. A certain per centage of the profits is set aside for the benefit of those employed who have been seven years or longer in service. This fund for the year ending April 15, 1889, amounts to $44,182, and was distributed among nearly 400 employes who have served the required time. In addition to this there is a monthly distribution of profits, which during the past year amounted to $58,263. This was distributed among all the employes irrespective of the length of service. Last year $109,439 was distributed in this way.

A $40,000,000 Suit.

A big mining suit has been begun at Los Angeles, Cala., by a representative of the Western Mining company, of Milwaukee, contesting John S. Doe's patent to Oriental mine No. 2, in the Calico mining district of San Bernardino county.

Supt. Sanger, of the Waterloo, declares the Oriental patent is invalid as no discovery of a lode was made before the location of the claim. He avers that the only ledge in the Oriental is a streak of silver ring lode, owned by the Waterloo company. The suit involves property worth $40,000,000.

Confederate Dead.

The monument to the Confederate dead was unveiled in Mount Olivet cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., on May 17, in the presence of a vast assemblage. Survivors of the war were present in large numbers from all over the state. The floral offerings were magnificent and profuse. The orator of the day was Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. The daughters of Col. B. F. Cheatham, of Tennessee, unveiled the monument.

Glass Interests.

On May 28 representatives of the glass factories of the northern district, which includes New York and a portion of Pennsylvania, will meet in Syracuse to discuss the advisability of placing the several companies under one management. The object of the combination is to put an end to ruinous competition. There are in the district eleven factories with a total of 200 pots.

Damaged by the Floods.

Two large mains in the aqueduct of the National water works company, which conveys water from the Missouri river at Quindaro, Kan., to Kansas City, were washed way at 3 o'clock on May 20 as a result of the recent heavy rains. The pecuniary damage is $20,000, and this Kansas City will depend on the Kaw river for water for two weeks or more.

A Reform Party.

Chairman J. W. Goshorn, of the National Union Labor executive committee, has called a committee meeting at Chicago June 13. Indications point that at that meeting the prohibitionists and other reform movements will effect a consolidation and that a call for a convention will be issued for the inauguration of the reform party.

Quite an Earthquake.

An earthquake was felt at Lick Observatory, California, at 3:09 on the morning of May 19. The shock was not heavy, but an extraordinary feature of it was the great duration which is registered on the instruments. For two minutes and twelve seconds the vibrations were felt. They were from north and south.

Stephen Girard.

The 139th anniversary of the birth of Stephen Girard was observed at Philidelphia, on May 20, with appropriate ceremonies in Girard College by the Alumni association, the instructors and the present pupils. Many men, prominent in public life, were present, and many speeches were made.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

An Interesting Report on the Negro Race —Routine Work.

The third day's business session of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church opened on May 20 at 9 o'clock. Dr. Hastings, the chairman of the committee of Christian Unity, reported that negotiations were going on for a conference between the committee and a committee of Congregationalists and moved that the committee on Christian Unity be continued. Carried.

Dr. J. F. McGill, chairman of the standing committee on the board of Missions for freedmen, made his report.

He said there were 277 missionaries working under the board, of whom 202 were colored, and 102 of the 116 ordained ministers were colored also. The contributions to the work last year amounted to $134,450, an increase of $2,797 on the previous year. The freedmen themselves gave $31,092 for various parts of the work.

Dr. McGill said although there was a diversity of opinion among Presbyterians in regard to matters of administration in missions for freedmen, they were all agreed that the work must be pushed. He suggested that in future contributions be paid directly to the board, and moved that the four members of the committee whose term expired, be re-elected.

They were Rev. W. C. Burchard, Rev. Geo. T. Purvis, Mr. R. C. Totten and Mr. S. P. Harbison.

Rev. Dr. Allen, secretary of the fund for missions among the freedmen, spoke on the necessity for evangelical work among the colored race. "In this South," he said, "there are 1,845,556 colored children of school age, and of this number, only 802,585 attend school. Illiteracy is on the increase.

"It can be seen in the rapidly growing number of illiterate voters of whom unscrupulous politicians take undue advantage. It is the duty of Americans to take care of the negro. I have heard it suggested that they should be shipped to Africa, but as there are 8,000,000 of them in the United States, and as they are born at the rate of 600 a day it would be impossible to build ships fast enough for that purpose.

"The negro has come to stay with us and we must give him an education that will fit him for duty to God and man.

"His past has been a dark one.

"If he looks back 25 years he sees no happy Christian home—he hears only the clank of the slave chain. If he looks back 50 years, 100 years, it is the same. In his race there is not even a family name. The holiness of the bond of marriage was unknown among the colored people for 260 years."

Much interest was added to Dr. Allen's address when it was known that his grandfather, his father and himself were slave owners. The speaker then asked for "Uncle Joe" Williams, an ex-slave 84 years old, who addressed the assembly 20 years ago in Albany. He walked up to the platform and received an ovation.

AN INSTITUTE OF LEARNING.

Large Contributions For the Baptists' New College in Chicago.

A dispatch from Boston saying that at the annual meeting of the American Baptist Educational society it was decided to establish an institution of learning in Chicago, and that $650,000 of the $1,000,000 proposed had already been subscribed, has aroused the liveliest interest among Chicago Baptists.

"Mr. Rockefeller will contribute the balance," said the Rev. H. S. Taylor, of the Englewood Baptist church, on the 20th. "And, though his gift is a generous one, it is rumored he will make the amount something like $3,000,000 before he gets through."

Reformed Presbyterians.

There is a strong probability that the two factions of the Reformed Presbyterian church, known as the "Synod" and the "General Synod," will be reunited, after a separation of 56 years. A committee of three members of each synod has had several conferences. A number of schemes have been suggested to bury the hatchet and restore peace and harmony within the fold.

There is a strong under-current of sentiment developing among the younger members of the general synod, or "the Old Covenanters," as they are sometimes called.

In 1833 the Reformed Presbyterian church split, at a meeting held in Philadelphia.

The seceders, or Covenanters, would not allow their men to vote upon any questions relating to the state or national government.

The general synod took the opposite view, and said it was a duty they owed to their state and church to take part in all elections.

Some of the Covenanters now want to vote upon the prohibitory amendment, claiming that it is a righteous cause. For this reason some of them would like to come back to the fold again.

Their reason for not voting is that God is not in the constitution of the United States.

Southern Presbyterians.

The general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church met in its twenty-ninth annual session in Chattanooga, Tenn., on May 16. Eleven states were represented, among the delegates being some of the most learned educators and celebrated divines of the denomination. The assembly is one of the finest religious gatherings that has ever been held in the South. The body was called together at 11 o'clock in the First church of this city by Moderator J. T. Dulles, of Washington, D. C., who conducted devotional exercises.

Dr. H. C. Hill, of Fayetteville, N. C., was elected and installed moderator; J. D. West, of Mississippi, and R. E. Caldwell, of Louisville, were elected temporary secretaries. W. F. Crabb, of New York, representative of the American Sunday Observance society, made an address, in which he said, the saloons, Sunday newspapers and post-offices were among the greatest enemies to Sabbath observance. He made a strong talk in favor of a legal prohibition of Sunday work. The assembly passed a motion to refer to a committee for trial a long-standing matter of dispute between the Mecklenburg Presbytery and the synod of North Carolina.

Baptist Missions.

At the session of the American Baptist Missionary union at Boston on May 17, reports from Burmah, China and Japan were accepted. The report of the committee on European missions shows progress far in excess of reasonable hopes. The entire membership in Europe is 69,141; number of baptisms this year, 4 971; churches, 674. Rev. Mr. Eager, missionary to Rome, appealed for help. In "Italy," he said, "20,000,000 out of 30,000,000 cannot read. Rome to-day presents the most difficult field of labor on the face of the earth. We have in some parts of Italy the carcass of a dead Christianity. There is infidelity, materialism, and all the other isms. There is prejudice so deep-seated that only a miracle can uproot it."

United Brethren.

Bishop J. D. Jackson presided over the United Brethren conference at York, Pa., on May 17. A message of greeting was adopted to be forwarded to President Harrison.

J. Weaver, D. D.; J. Dickson, D. D.; N. Castle, D. D., and E. B. Kephart, D. D., were re-elected general bishops.

At the afternoon session of the conference Rev. J. W. Holt was elected Pacific coast bishop on the third ballot. Rev. T. L. Kephart was elected editor of the *Religious Telescope* and Rev. M. R. Drury was elected assistant editor. W. J. Shuey was re-elected publishing agent.

Directors of the Missionary society were elected as follows:

R. J. White, New York; L. Bookwalter, Ohio; W. M. Beardshear, Iowa; H. Garst, Ohio; G. A. Funkhauser, Pennsylvania; J. P. Landis, Ohio; E. P. Kephart, Iowa; J. W. Etter, Pennsylvania; E. S. Torrens, Pennsylvania; and J. A. Weller, Kansas.

The following board of Trustees of Union Biblical seminary was elected:

W. M. Beardshaw, of Iowa; T. J. Harbaugh, Ohio; I. Baltzall, Pennsylvania; S. L. Herr, Ohio; G. W. Deavor, Ohio; D. L. Rike, Ohio; G. M. Mathews, Ohio; S. M. Hippard, Ohio; J. L. Funkhauser, Indiana; and S. W. Keister, Ohio.

Failed to Indict.

After two weeks' investigation the Webster county, Iowa, grand jury failed to indict the seventeen settlers charged with conspiracy by the land owners. The settlers are jubilant and aver that this is their first legal victory, as it is a partial recognition of their rights to work the land from which the evictions have been made.

Grover Has Rented a House.

Ex-President Cleveland has rented the house, No. 816 Madison avenue, New York city, for two years, with the privilege of purchase for $100,000.

MRS. PERRINE NOW.

Grover's Mother-in-Law Married at Jackson, Mich.

The city of Jackson, Mich., became excited when it became known that Mrs. Emma C. Folsom, mother of Mrs. Grover Cleveland was about to wed Henry M. Perrine, a merchant of Buffalo, N. Y., and that Mrs. Cleveland would be present at the ceremony. Hardly had the rumor found credence before corroborating testimony came in the person of Mrs. Cleveland herself, who arrived on the fast express and was immediately driven to the residence of her aunt, Mrs. John W. Cadman, on Francis street, where the ceremony was to take place.

Extraordinary precautions had been taken to keep the affair quiet, and reporters were unable to procure more than the simplest details. Mrs. Folsom arrived here on the 8th, to be with her relatives, and to escape the publicity which might attach at the East to an event of such interest, and so cleverly had the matter been planned and managed that very few were cognizant of it until the last moment. Mr. Perrine came on, and remained quietly at the Hibbard house since Wednesday last.

It is stated that considerable telegraphing has been going on between the Jackson relatives and Mrs. Cleveland in New York, concerning details, and that the telegrams have been sent to third parties that the newspapers might get no inkling of the circumstances. The wedding was solemnized at 9 o'clock on May 20, Rev. R. B. Balcom, of St. Paul's Episcopal church, officiating. The bride was attired in her travelling costume. The guests present besides Mrs. Cleveland and the family of Mr. Cadman, were Mr. and Mrs. Barry Ritch, the latter a daughter of the groom, and their two sons from Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Flinn, of Detroit, Mr. Harman and Mrs. Frank Welch, of Jackson, the two latter near relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Perrine left on the night train for Chicago and the West for a trip before returning to Buffalo to reside.

AFTER THE GOPHERS.

A Great Pest Which the People are Trying to Exterminate.

The striped and pocket gophers that abound throughout the west at present threaten to become a formidable pest to farmers in portions of Iowa. Already it has become necessary to commence a war of extermination to prevent the rapid encroachment these little animals are making on the crops.

In a number of cases, a bounty of five cents each has been placed on gopher scalps.

This has resulted in active labor of farmers' sons to secure gopher scalps for the county.

In Boone county, thus far this spring, over 18,000 scalps have been presented and paid for by County Auditor Everhall, who has drawn over 3,000 warrants on the county treasury, a number larger than is usually drawn during the entire year.

CHEAPER TO KEEP SOBER.

Senator Schiffer's Law in Force in Minnesota.

Senator Schiffer's drunkards' law went into effect in Minnesota on May 18. It provides that whoever becomes intoxicated by voluntarily drinking intoxicating liquors, shall be deemed guilty of the crime of drunkenness, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished as follows:

For the first offense a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $40, or by imprisonment for not less than ten nor more than 40 days. For the second offense by imprisonment for not less than 30 nor more than 60 days, or by a fine of not less than $20 nor more than $50. For the third and all subsequent offenses by imprisonment of not less than 60 days nor more than 90 days.

ELECTION FRAUDS.

Indiana Not Satisfied With the Work of the Grand Jury.

The Federal grand jury in Indiana is again investigating election irregularities, and it now develops that some of the parties who escaped trial by reason of the quashing of the indictments by Judge Woods, will be re-indicted.

Particular attention will be given to the importation of voters from Kentucky. A number of witnesses came up from Southern Indiana and gave impartial testimony, showing that a number of negroes, from Louisville, voted in the border counties.

Applying for Pensions.

Applications for pensions are beginning to come in